

SCOOP

COMICS

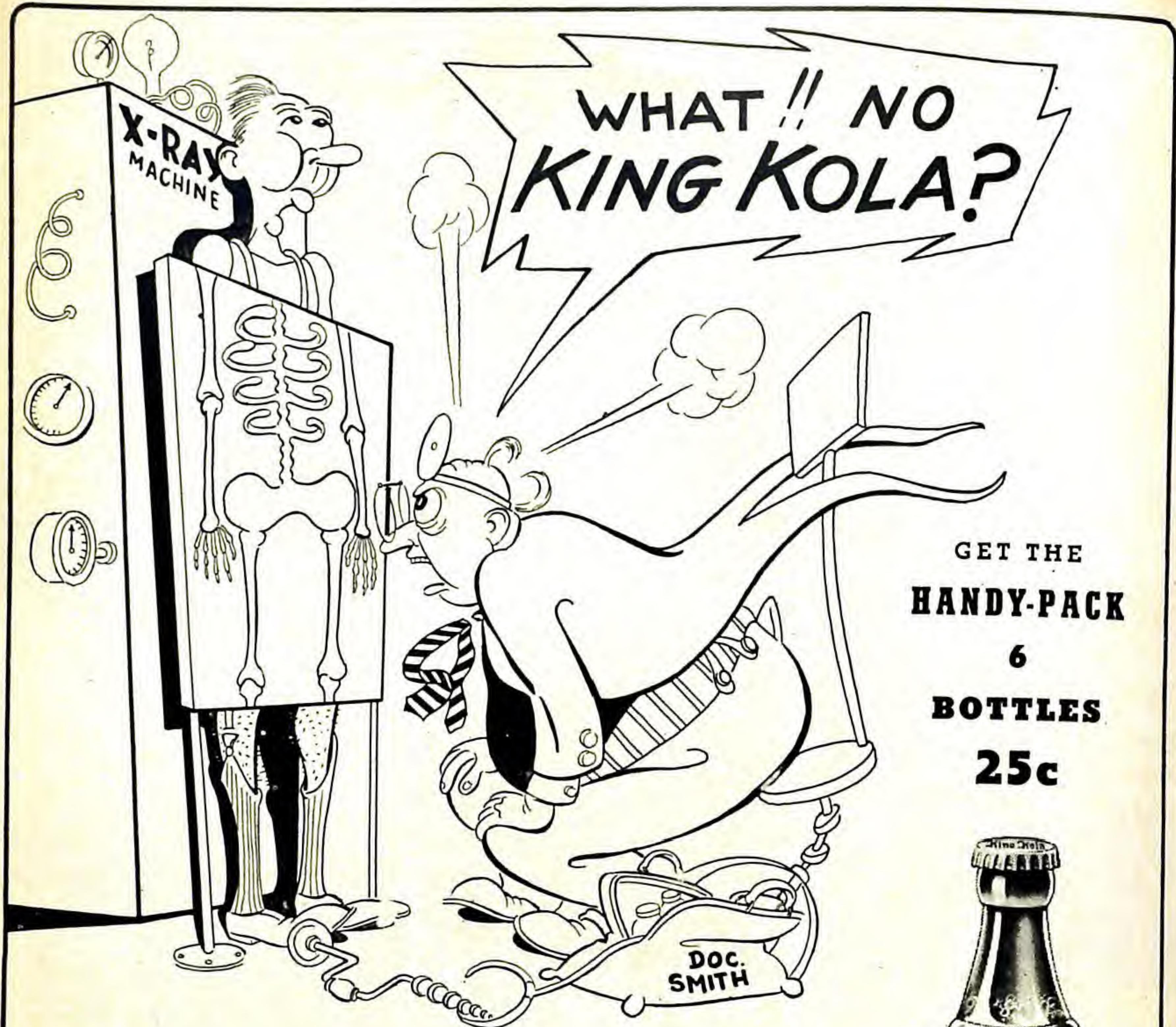
THE ADVENTURE
OF THE
CAMP DIX
GANG!

10¢





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



GET THE
HANDY-PACK
6
BOTTLES
25c

**IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5¢
2 FULL GLASSES
AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS**

FIRST for THIRST
King Kola
SODA-LICIOUS



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

MASTER KEY



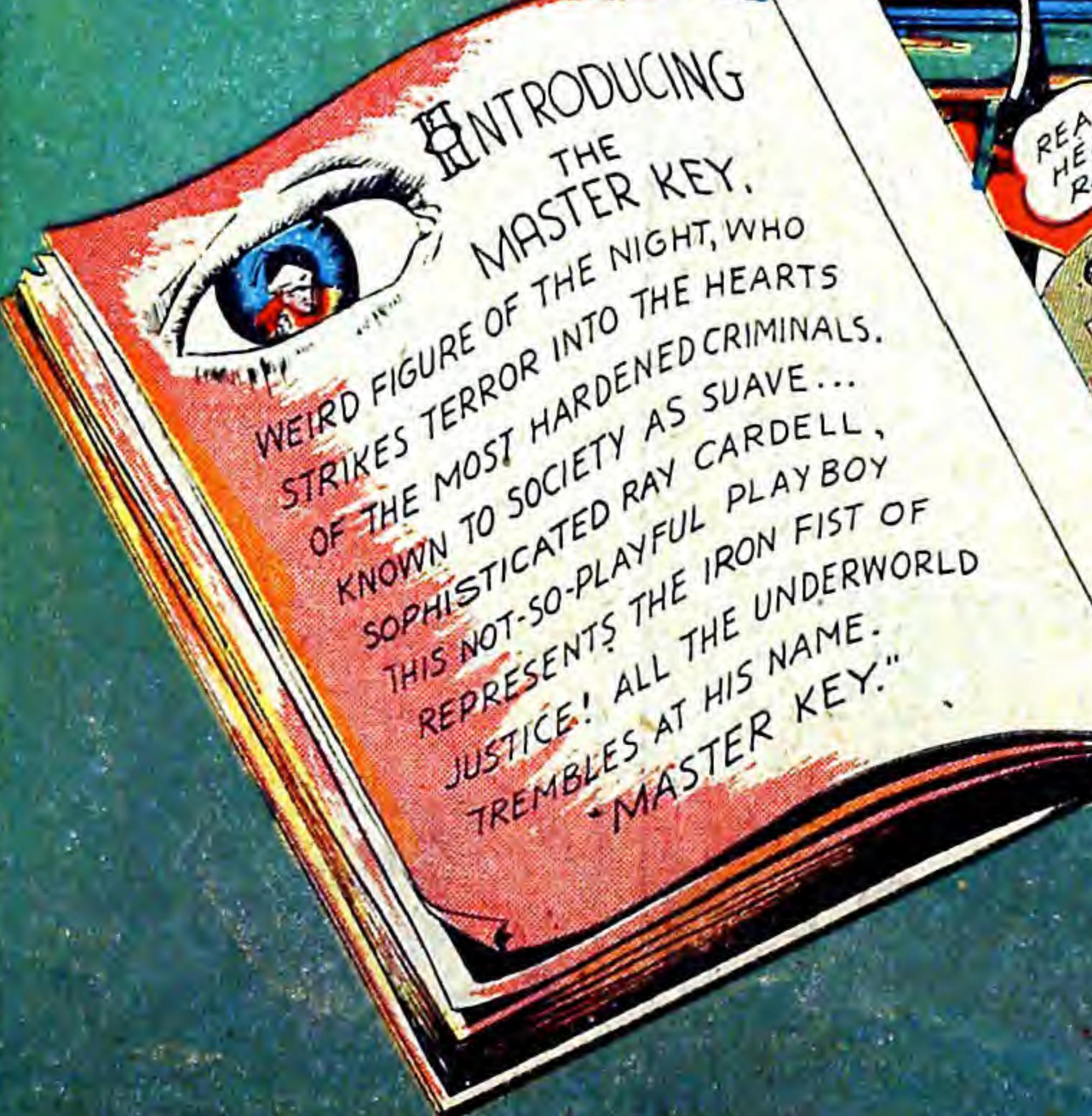
CHRIS



GALE



RAY CARDELL WORKS TIRELESSLY
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF RADIO
WAVES ASSISTED BY GALE KENT
AND CHRIS CROSS.



SCOOP COMICS



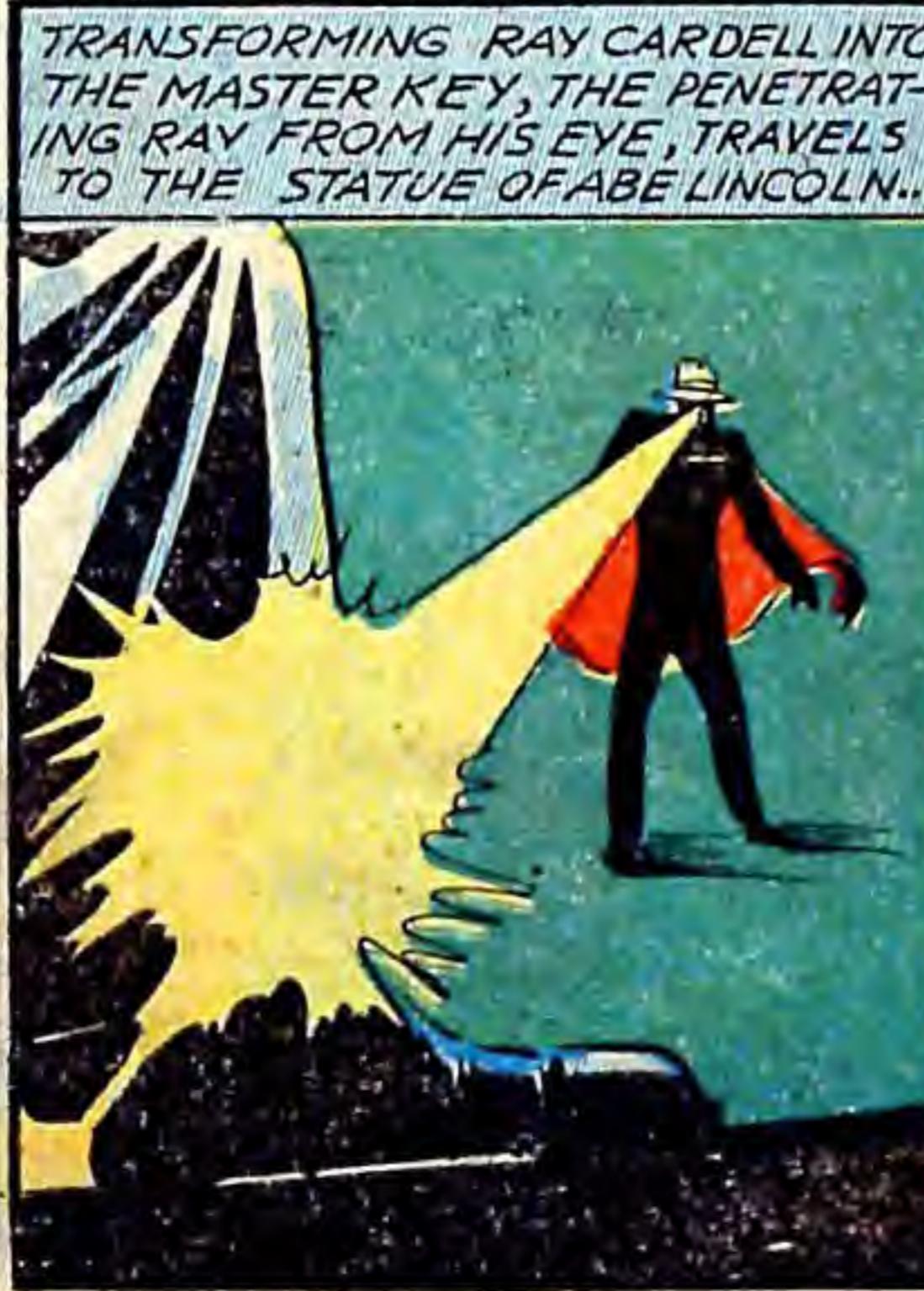
THUS, OUT OF A LABORATORY ACCIDENT RISES THE ONE AND ONLY-MASTER KEY-A FEARLESS CHALLENGE TO THE UNDERWORLD!

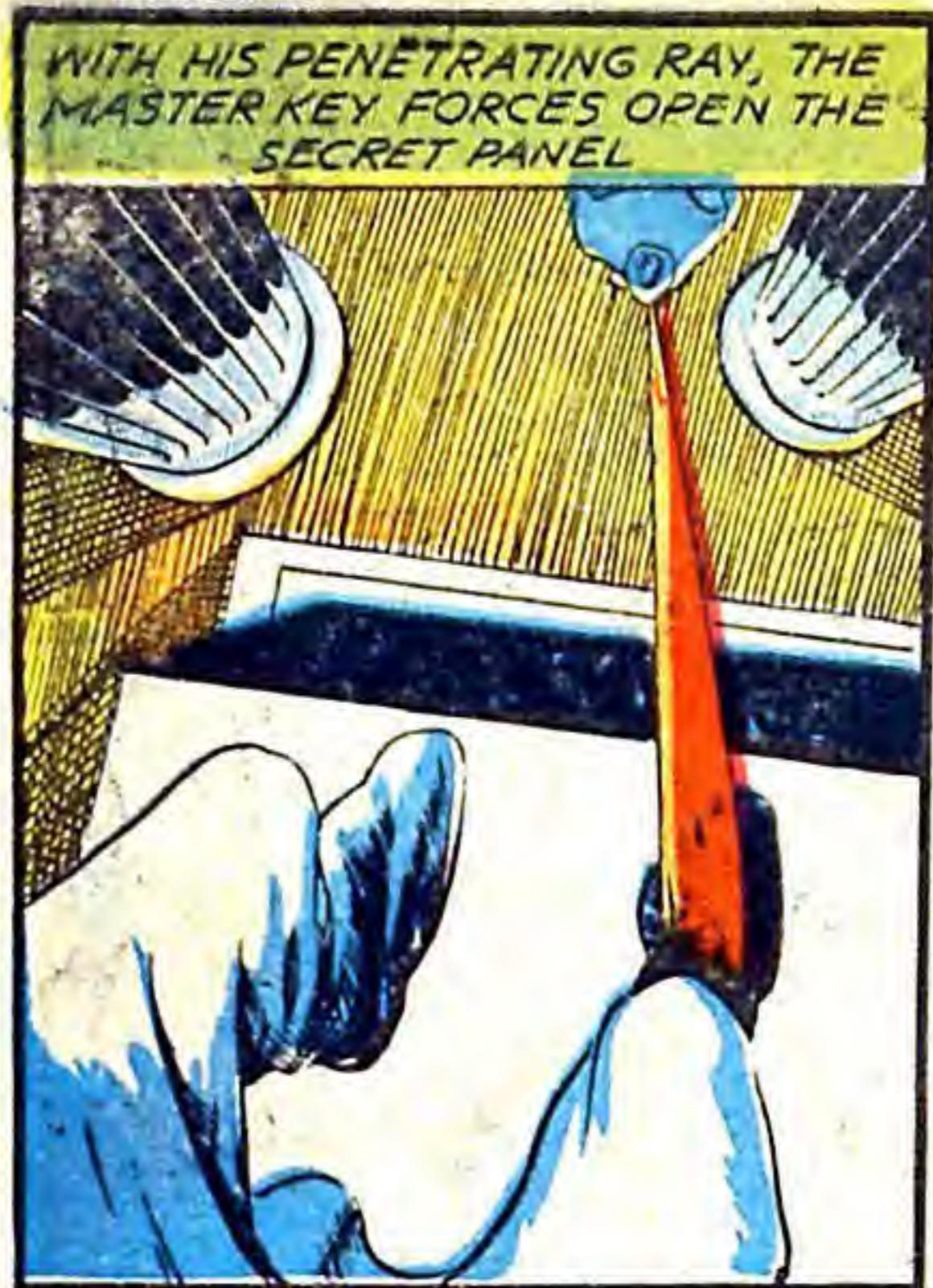
TO MY FRIENDS AND SOCIETY I'LL BE RAY CARDELL, BUT- TO THE UNDERWORLD I'LL BE "THE MASTER KEY!"

THAT NIGHT, RAY TAKES A LONG WALK ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, HEART OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

SUDDENLY, THE QUIET OF THE EVENING IS SHATTERED BY A LARGE MICROPHONE ATOP ONE OF THE BUILDINGS.

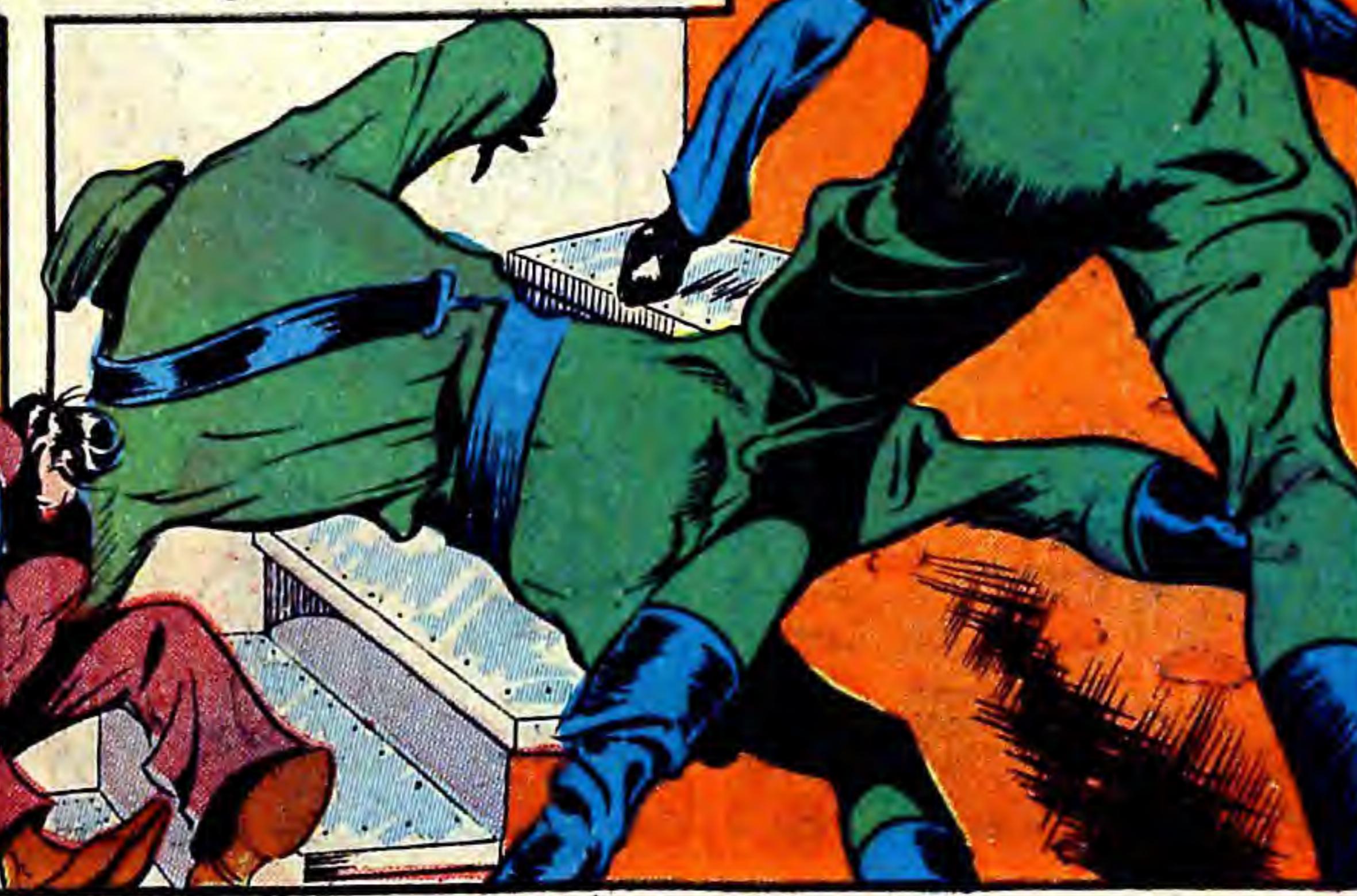
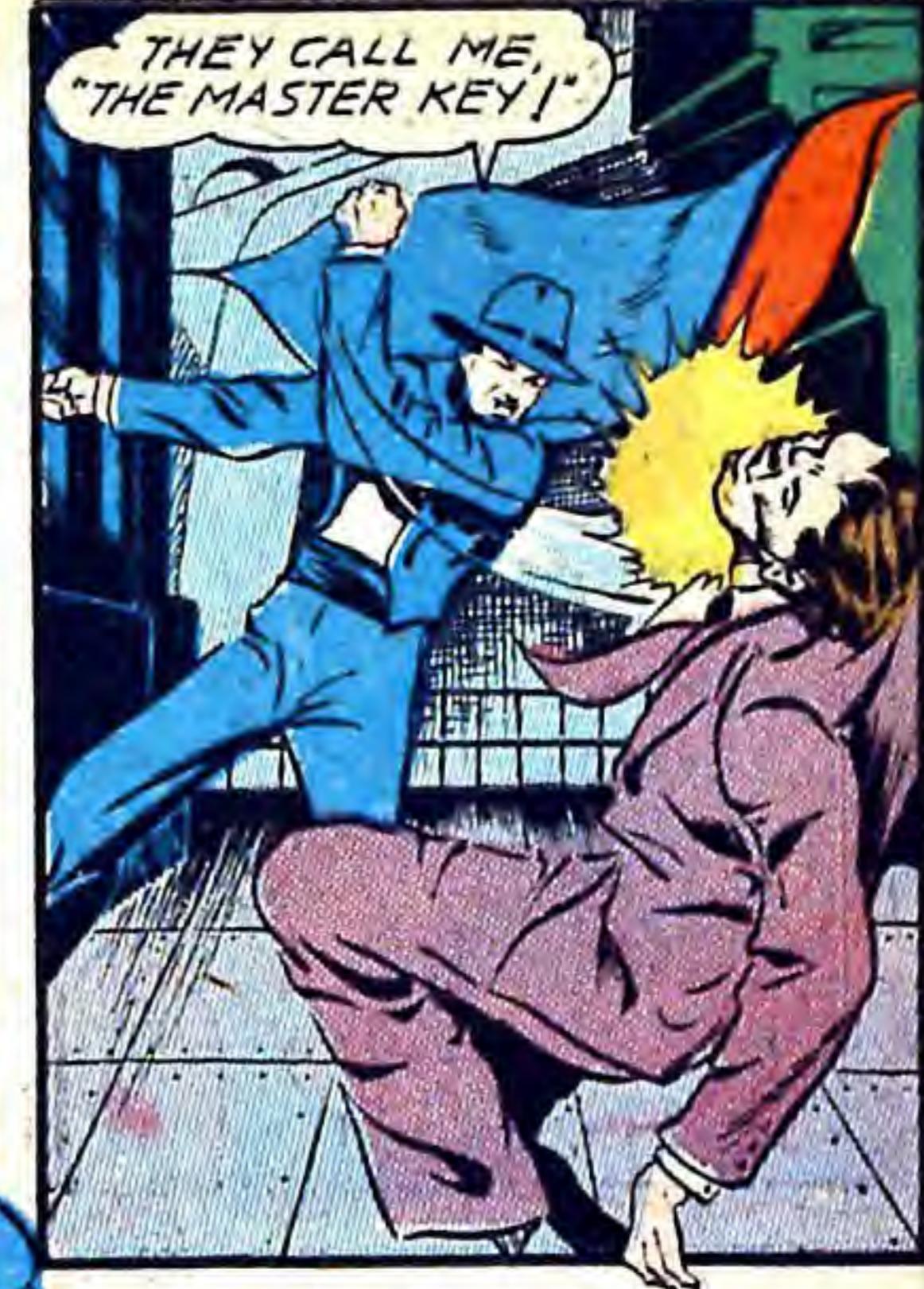
ATTENTION CITIZENS! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS VANISHED. ALL...ETC...ETC...





WOW! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF SECRET ARSENAL.







RAY CARDELL, ALIAS THE MASTER KEY, SHOTS HIS RAY FORWARD SMASHING THE LOCK...



... AND AN INSTANT LATER, THE WEIRD FIGURE OF THE MASTER KEY STANDS FORTH.



KILL THAT DEVIL!

THE MASTER KEY!

GET HIM!



GET GENERAL VON HILLER, QUICK!



PUF-PUFF-HOWID HE GET OUT? WHO BETRAYED ME?-PUFF-THERE'S A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST.



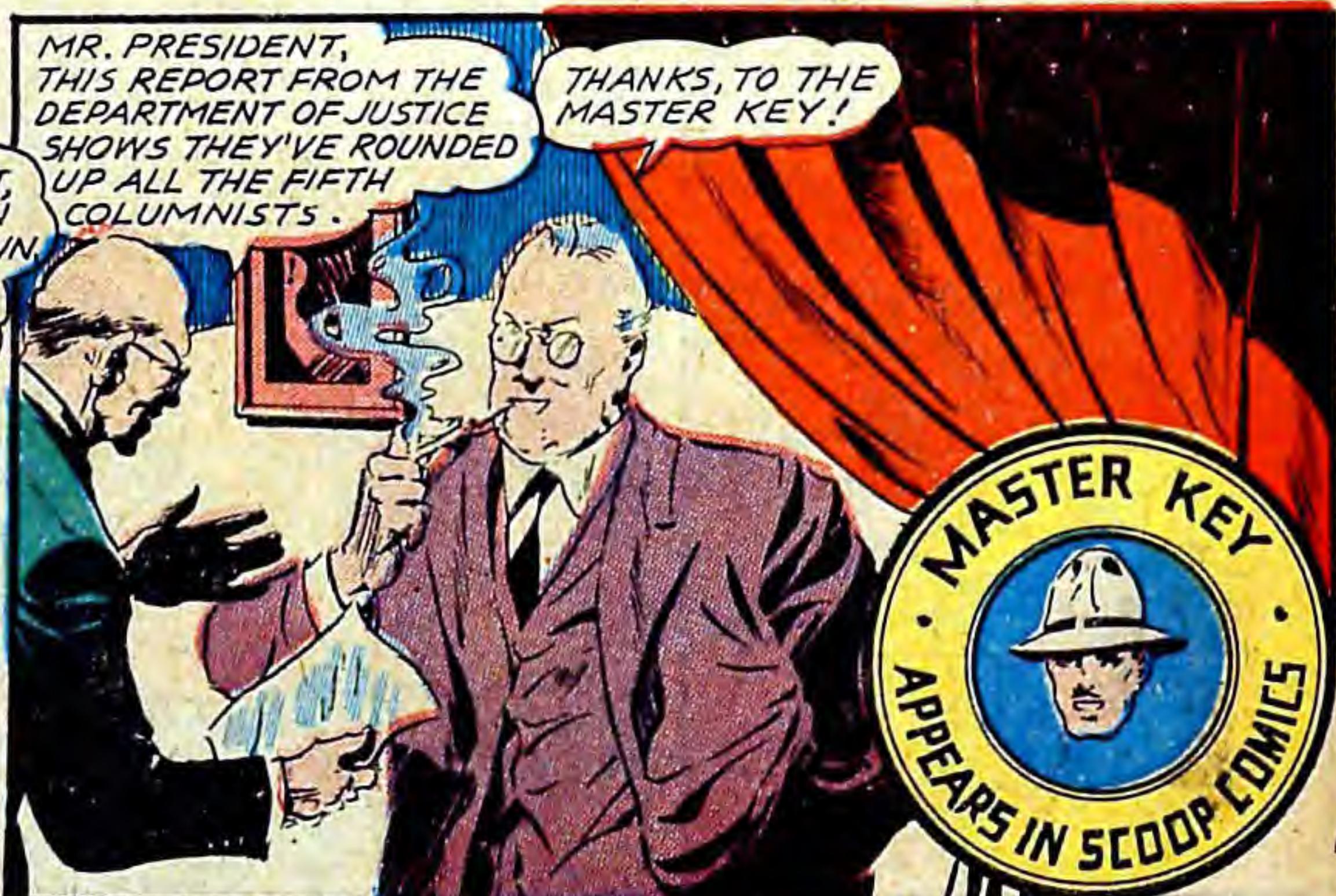
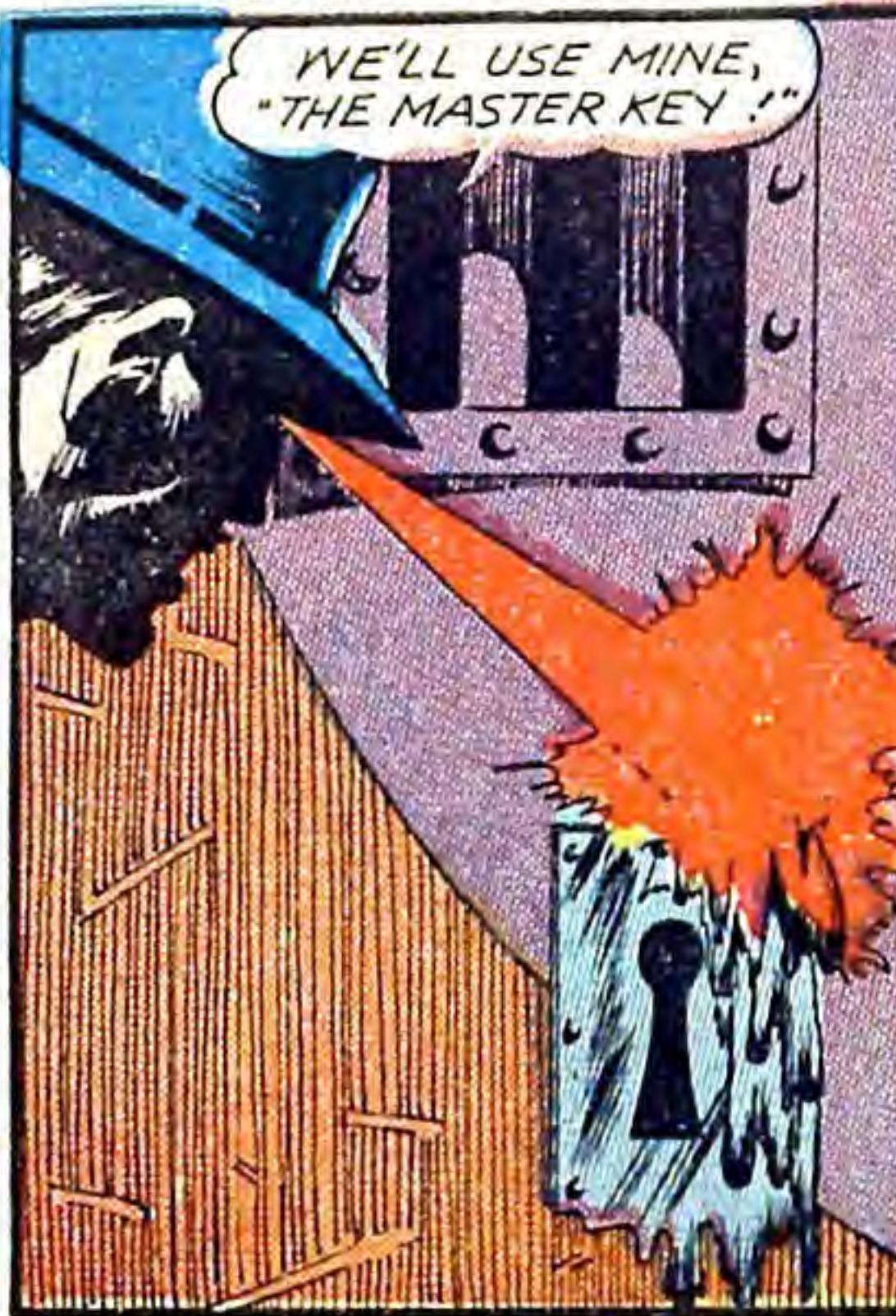
I DID, FATSTUFF!



NOW TALK FAST! WHERE'S THE PRESIDENT?

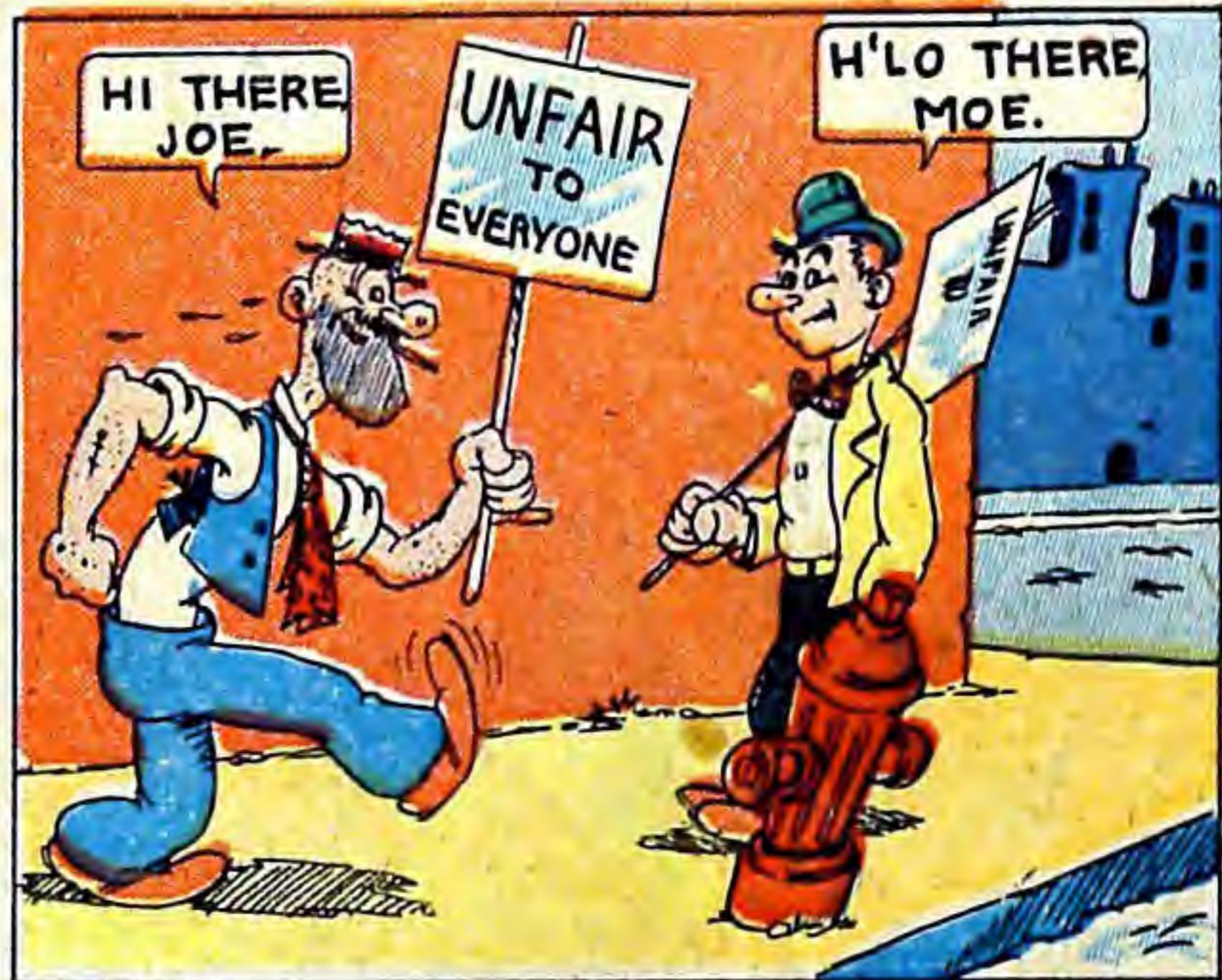
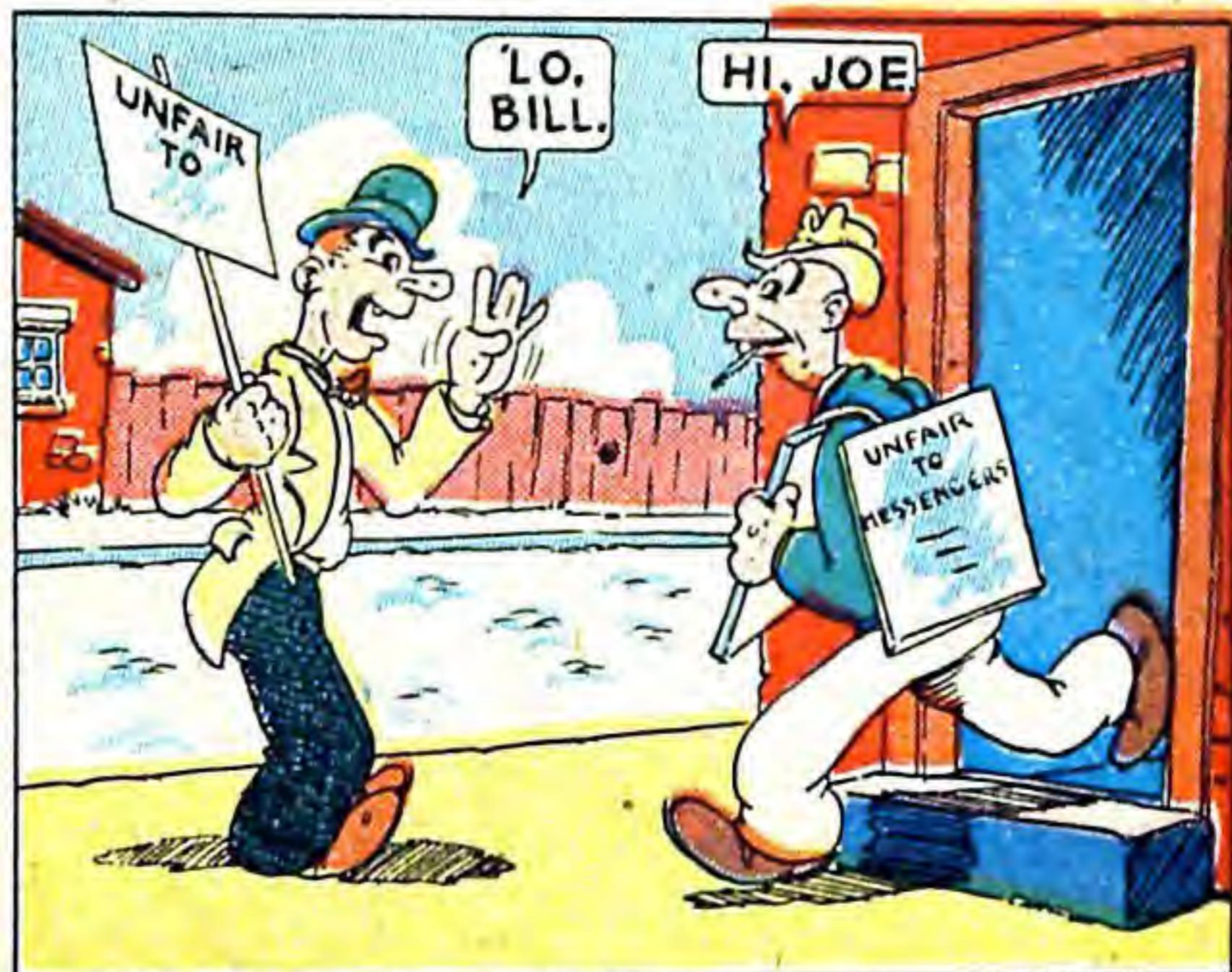
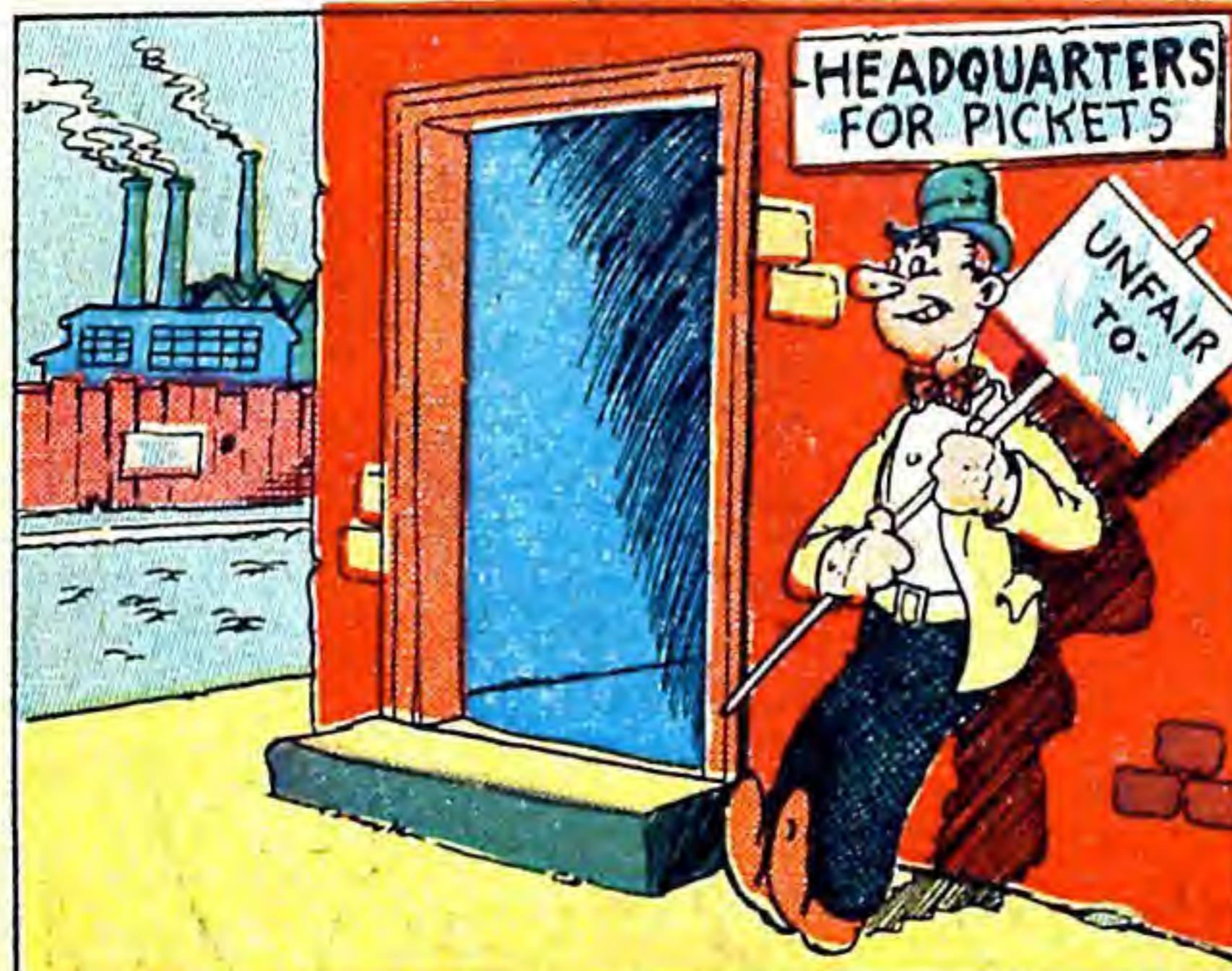
HE-HE'S LOCKED IN THE CHAMBER BELOW!



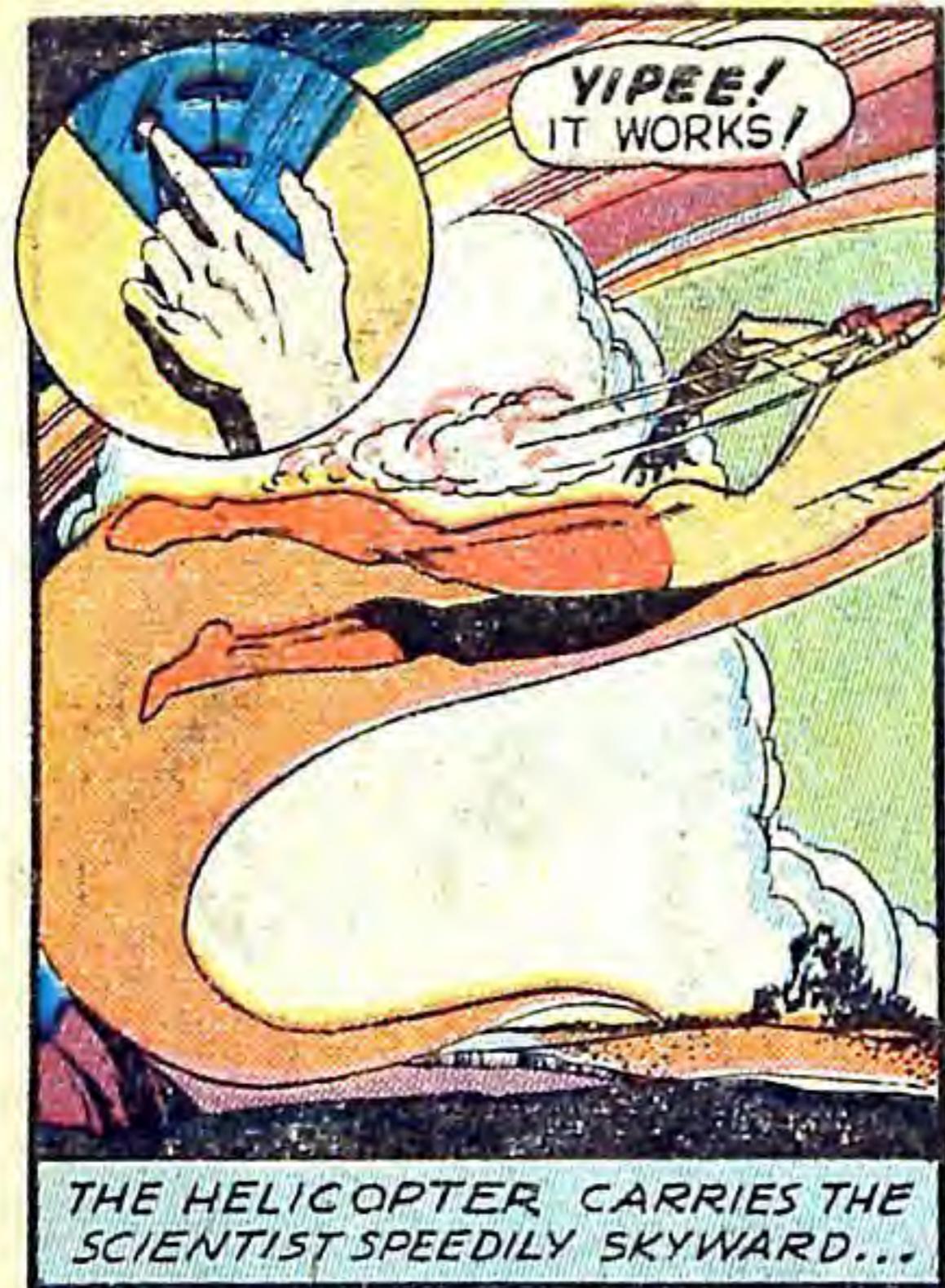


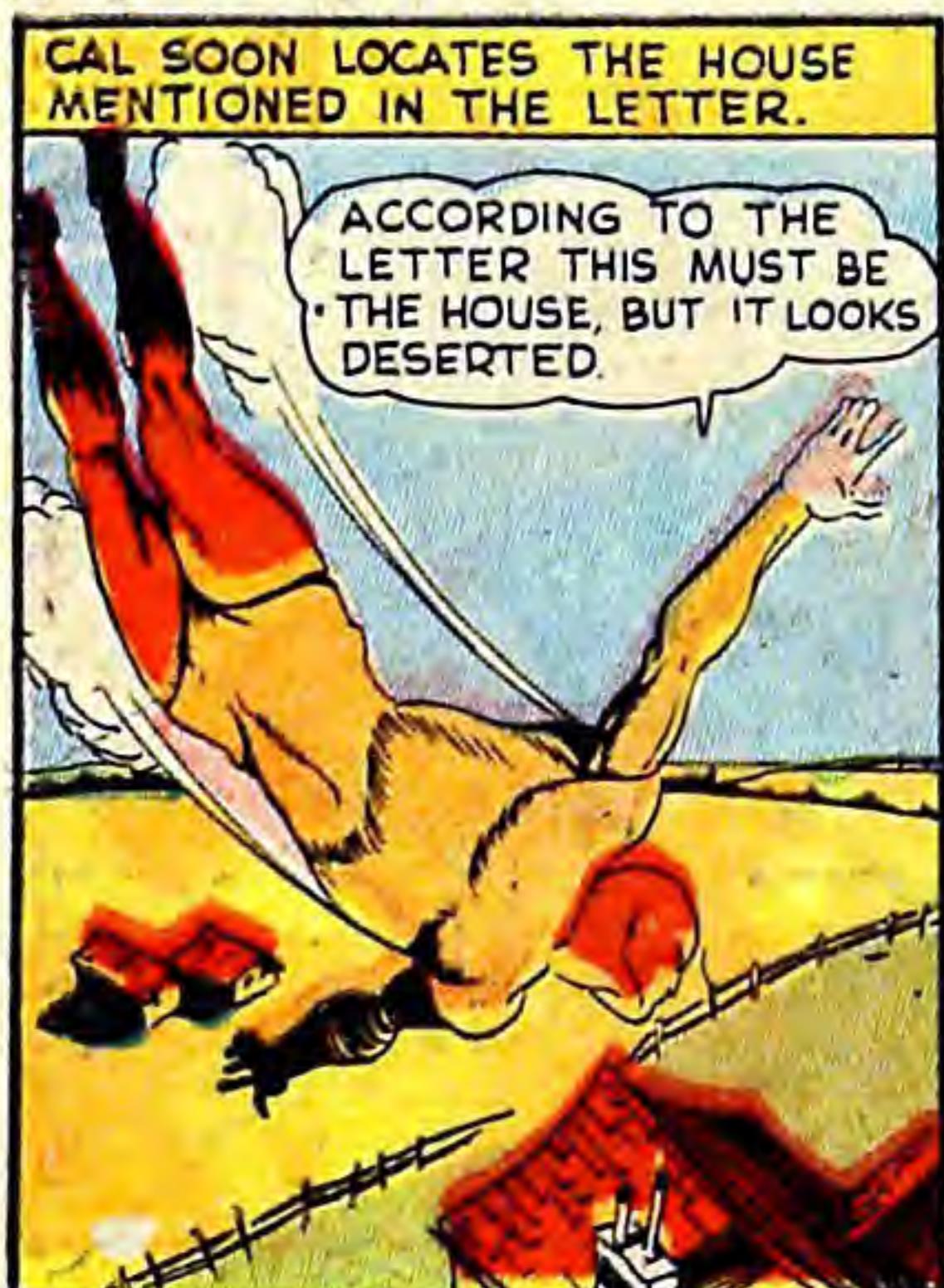
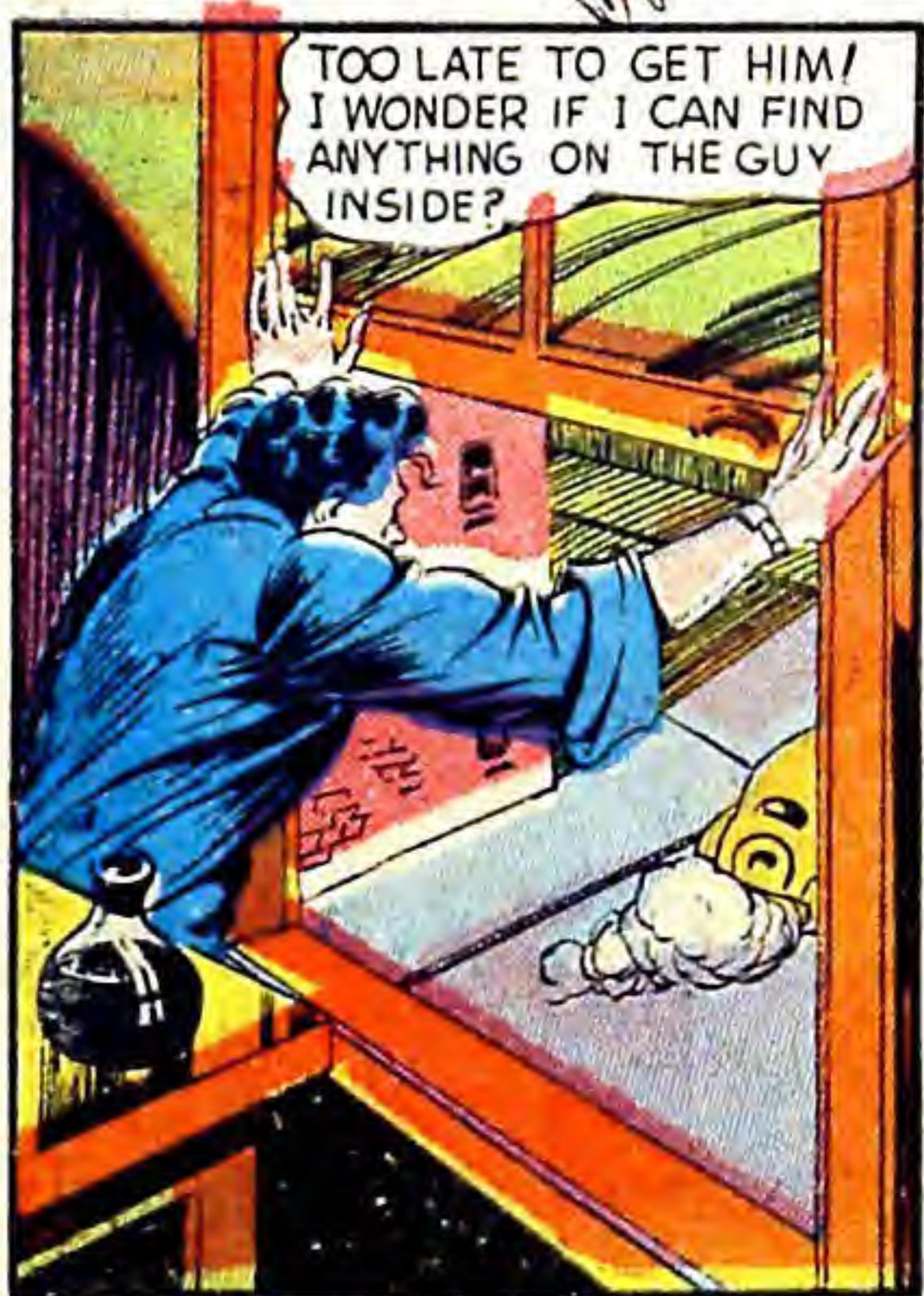


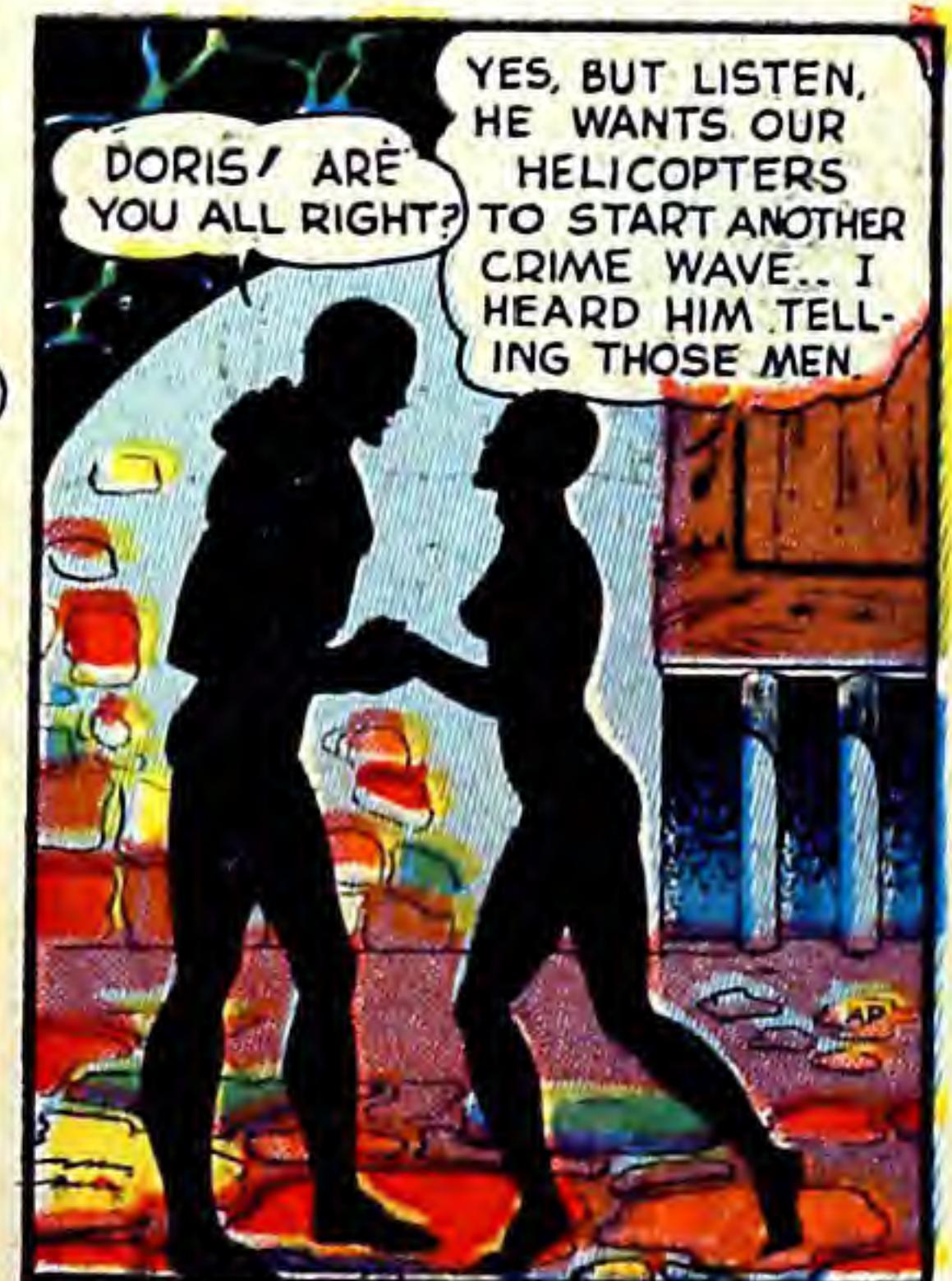
JOE TICKET THE PICKET

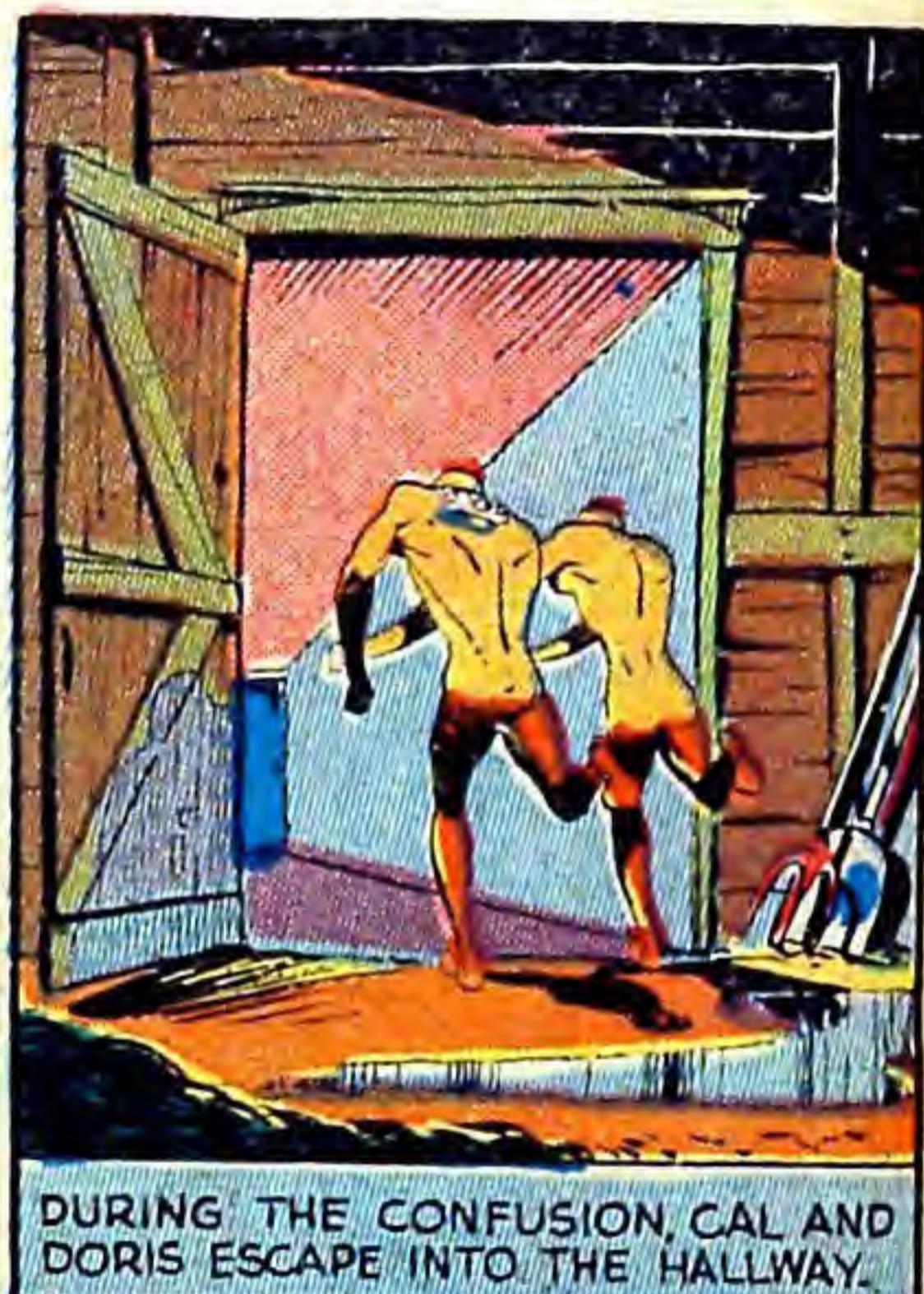




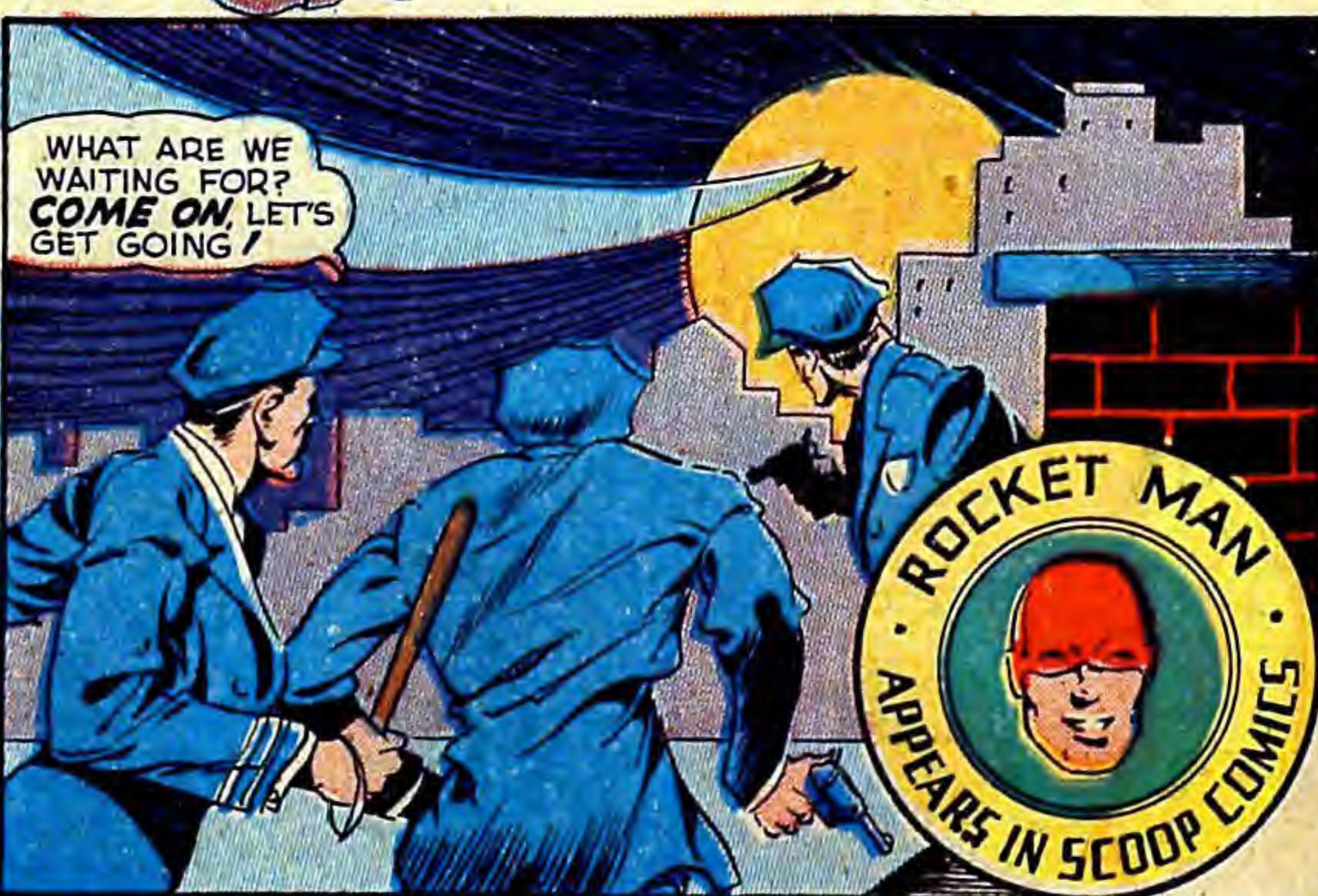
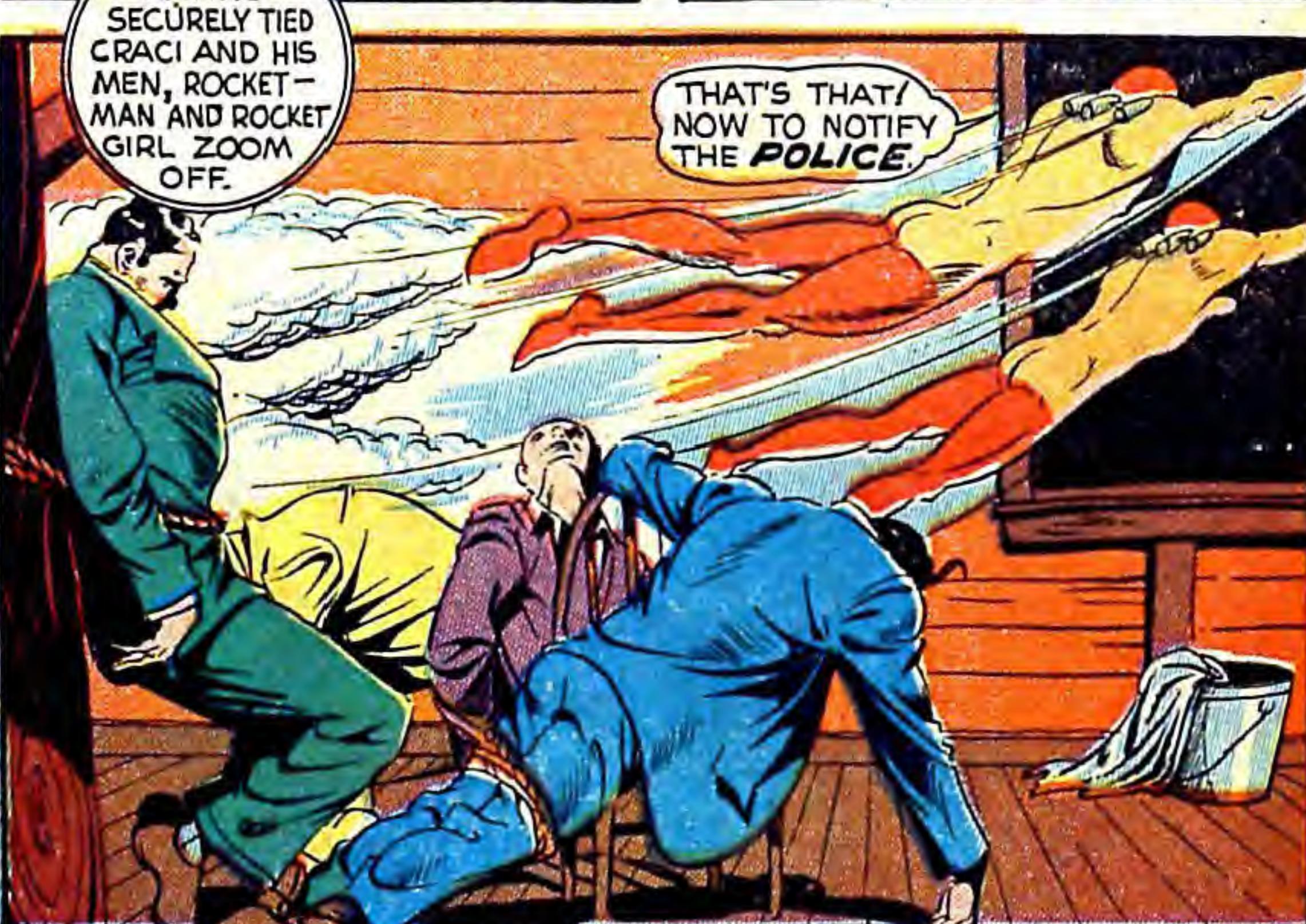
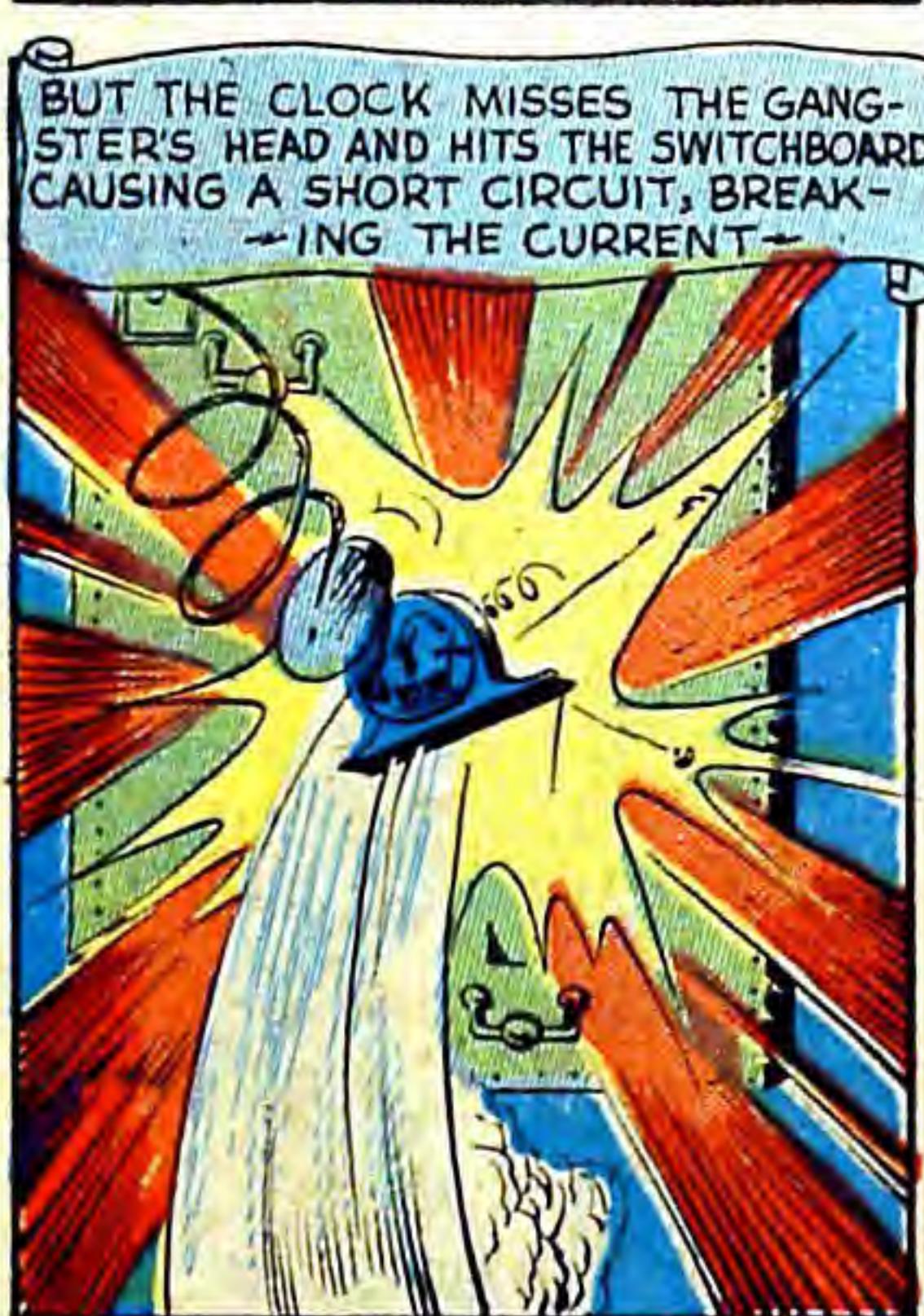
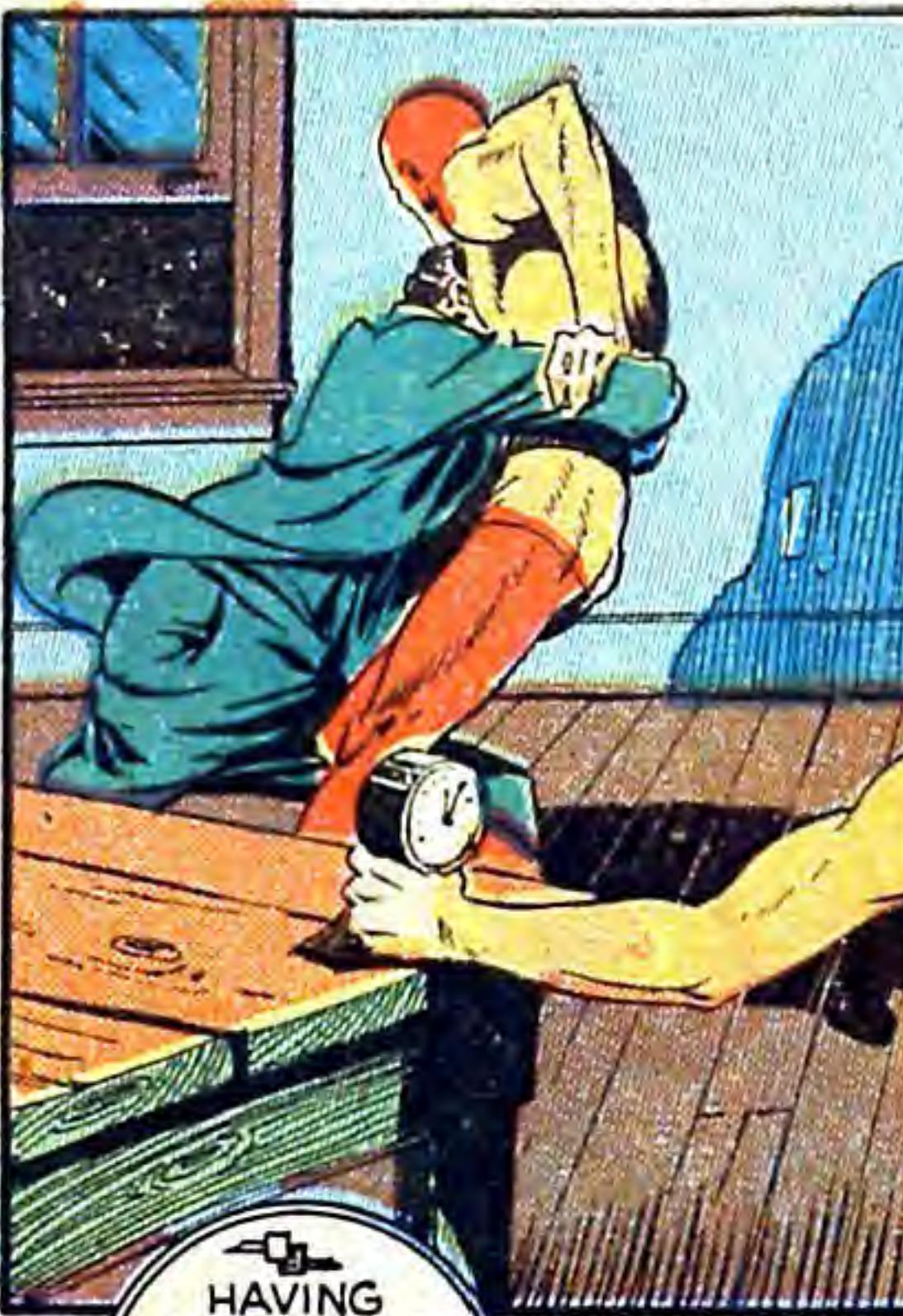












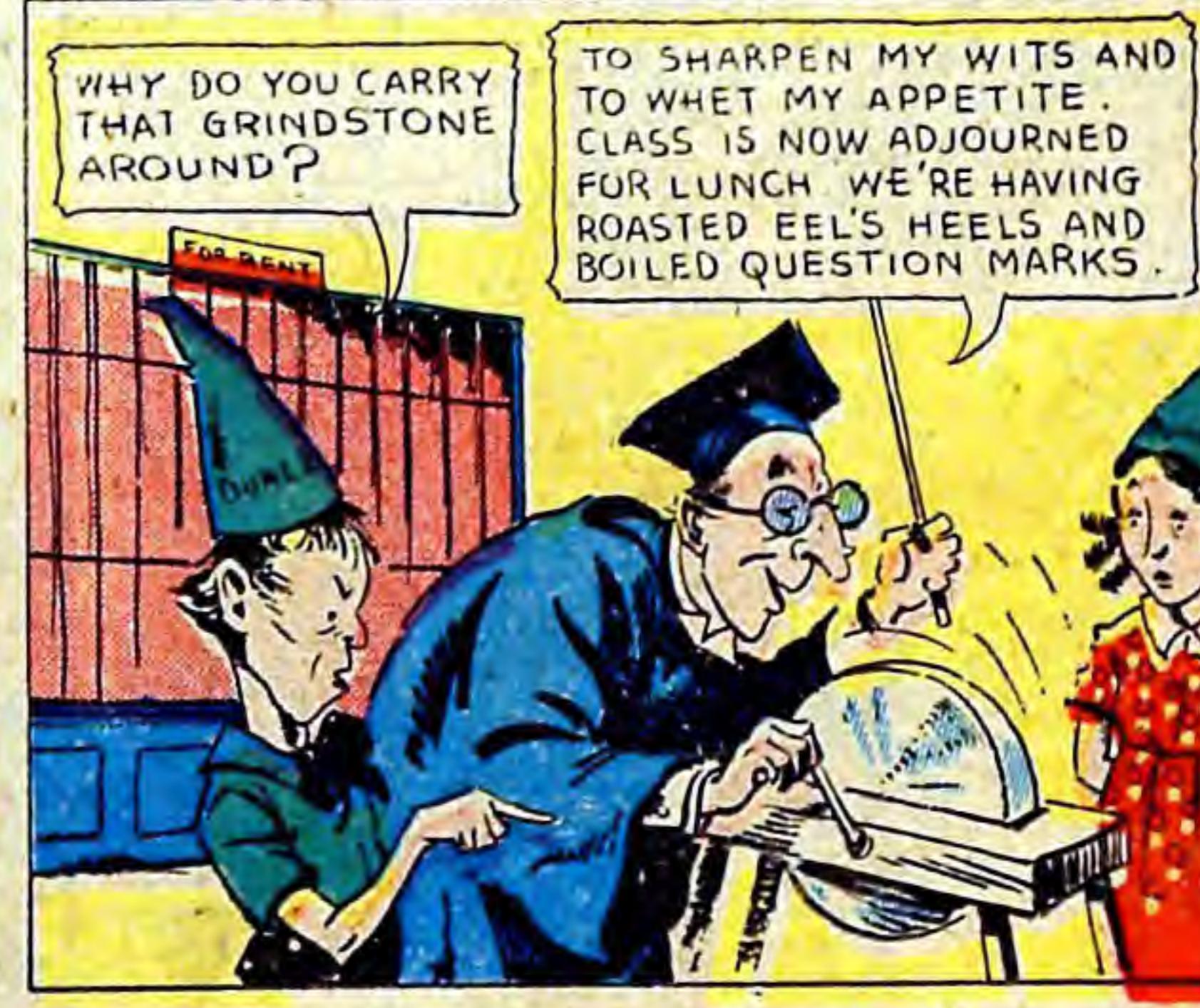
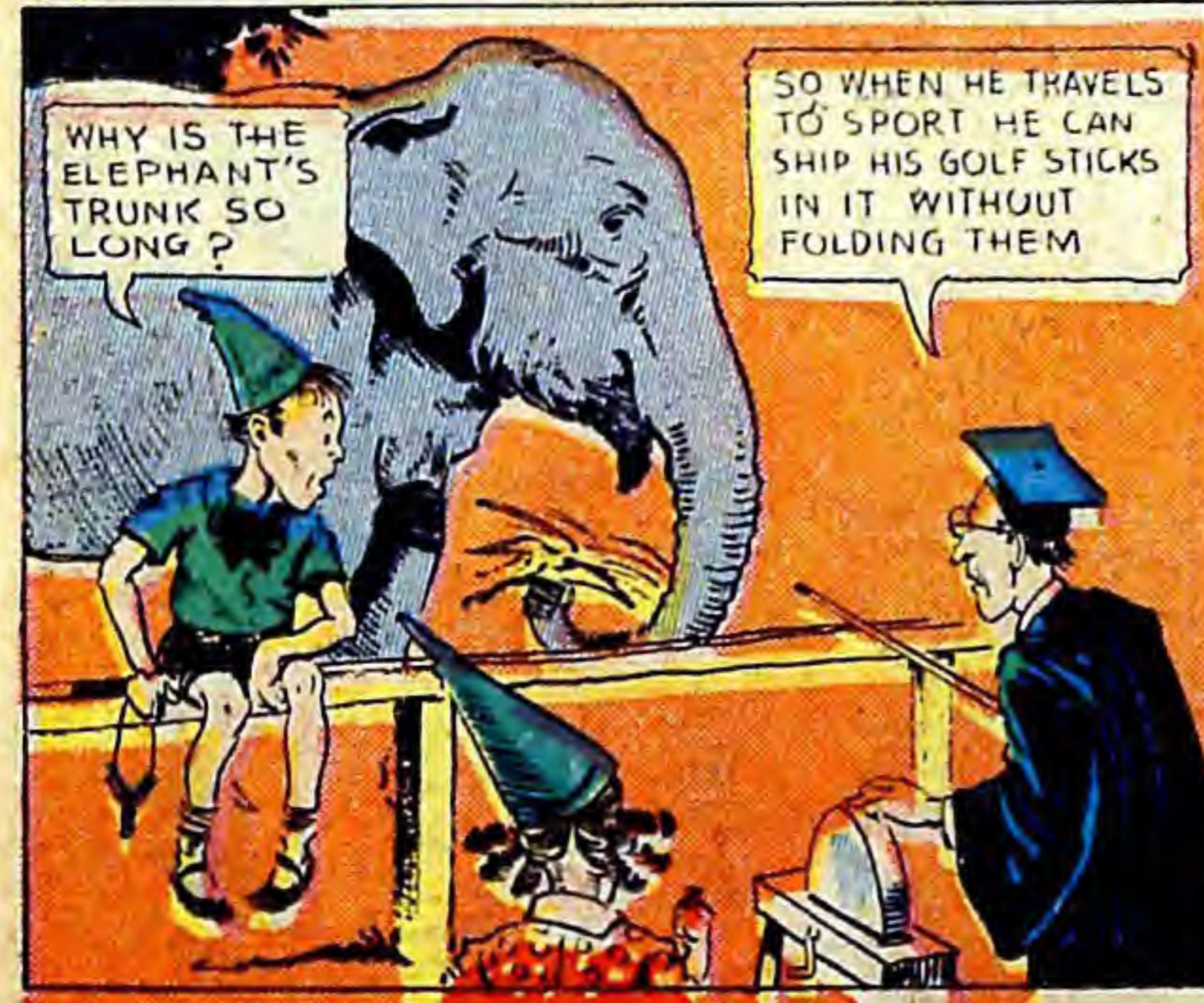
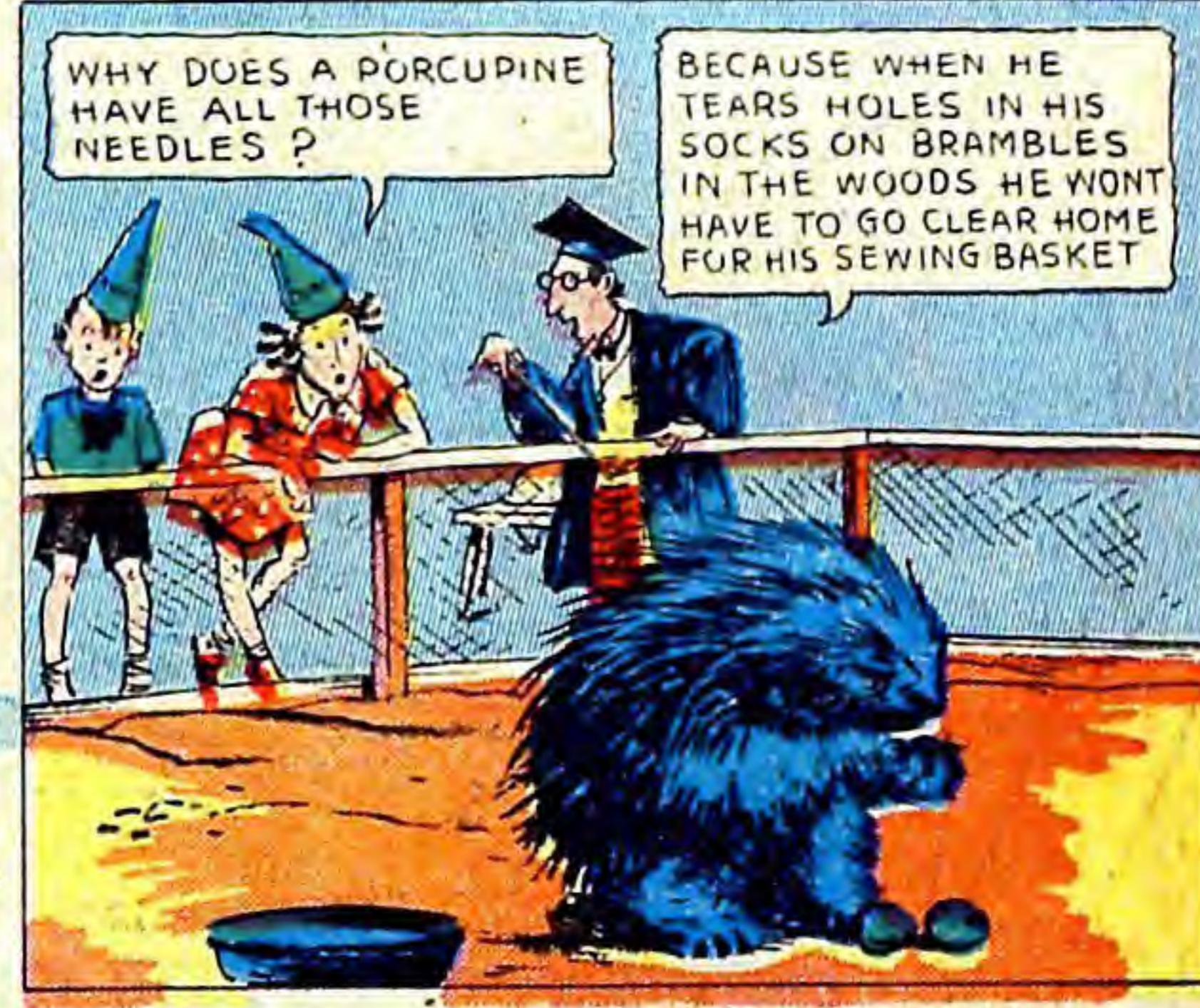
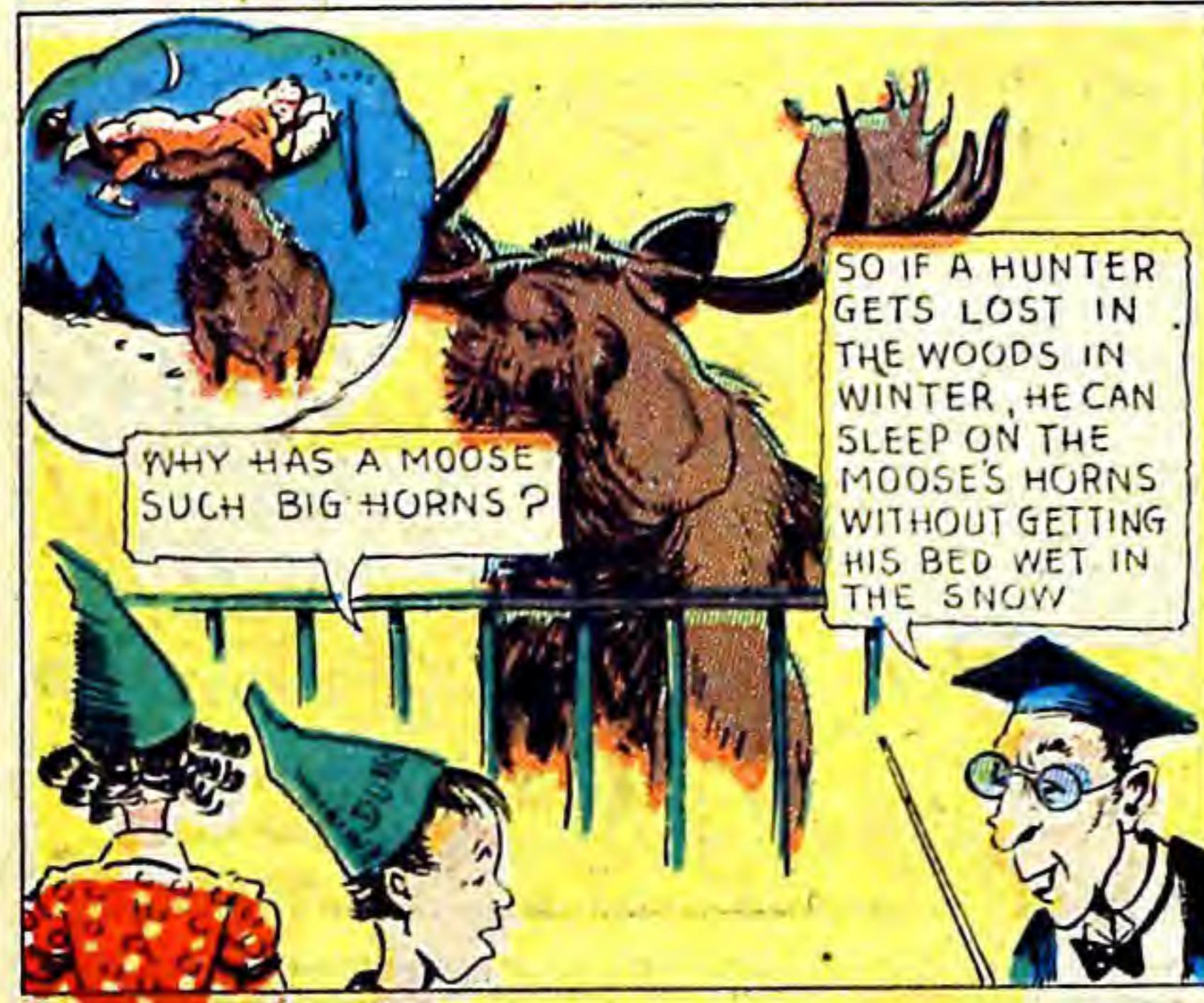
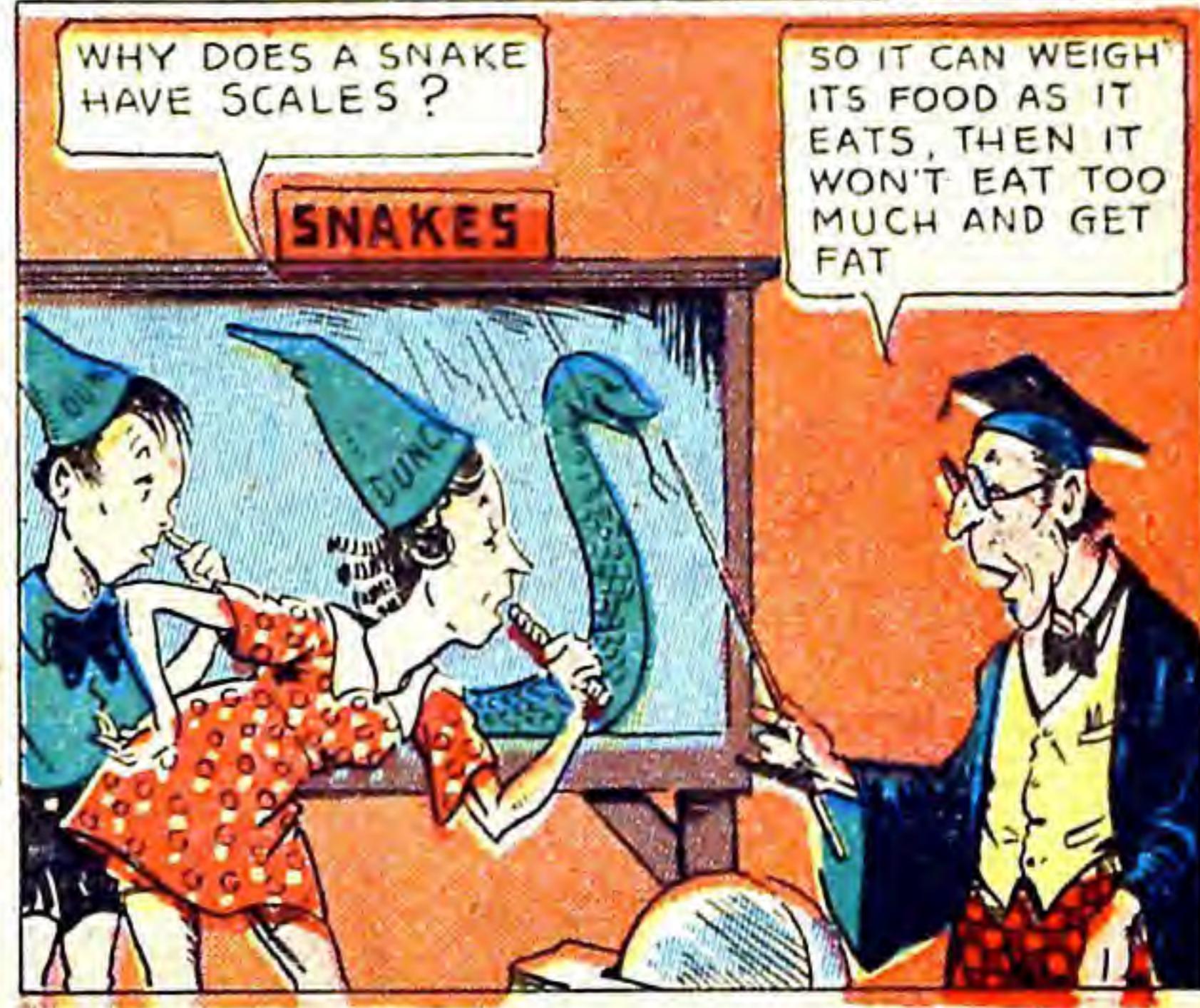
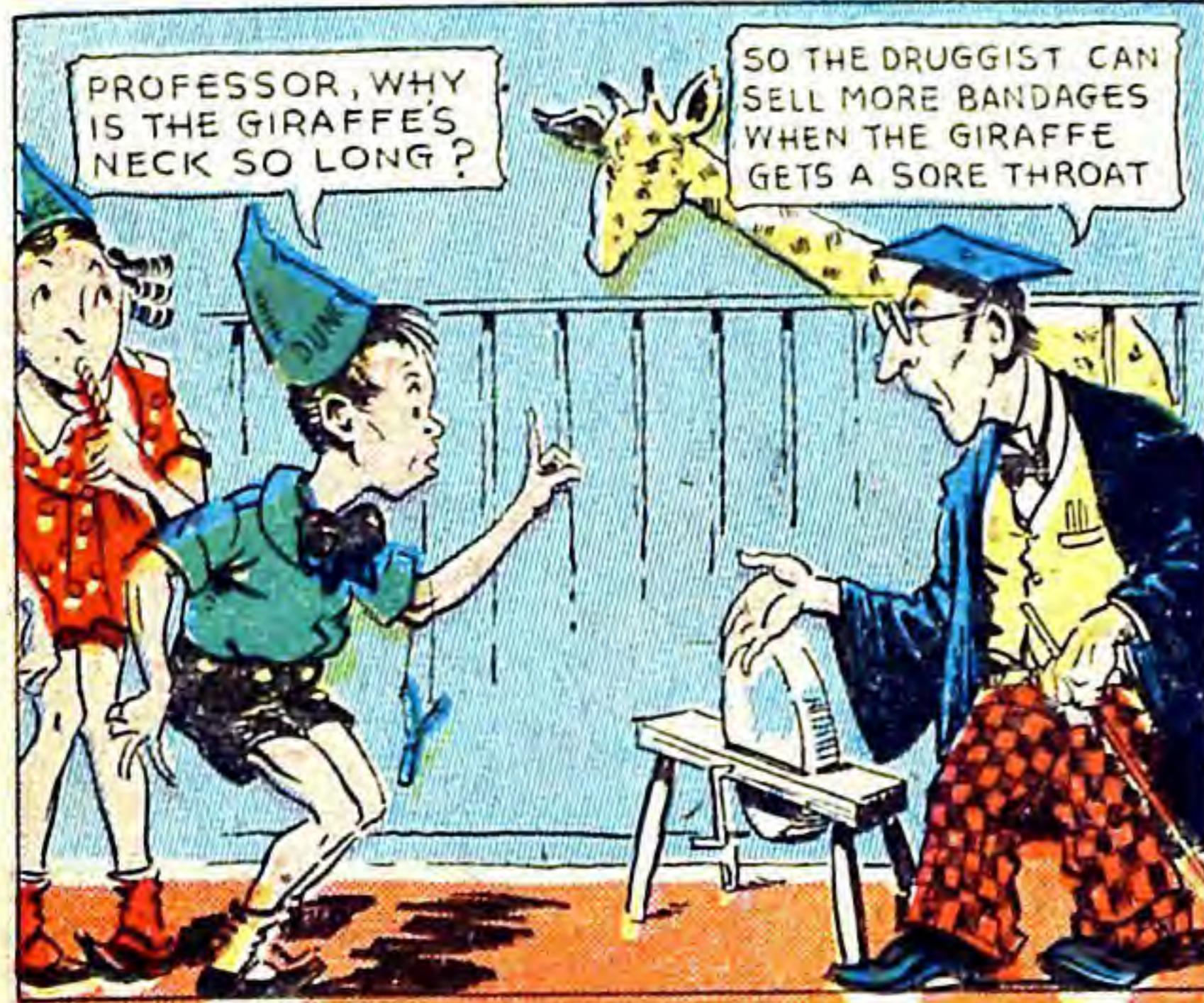
ROCKET MAN
APPEARS IN SCOOP COMICS

Professor McScrewy

PRESENTING HIS EDUCATIONAL CLASS

ZOO'S WHO?

MURRY A. CHAMBER
PROFESSOR MCSCREWY © 1947

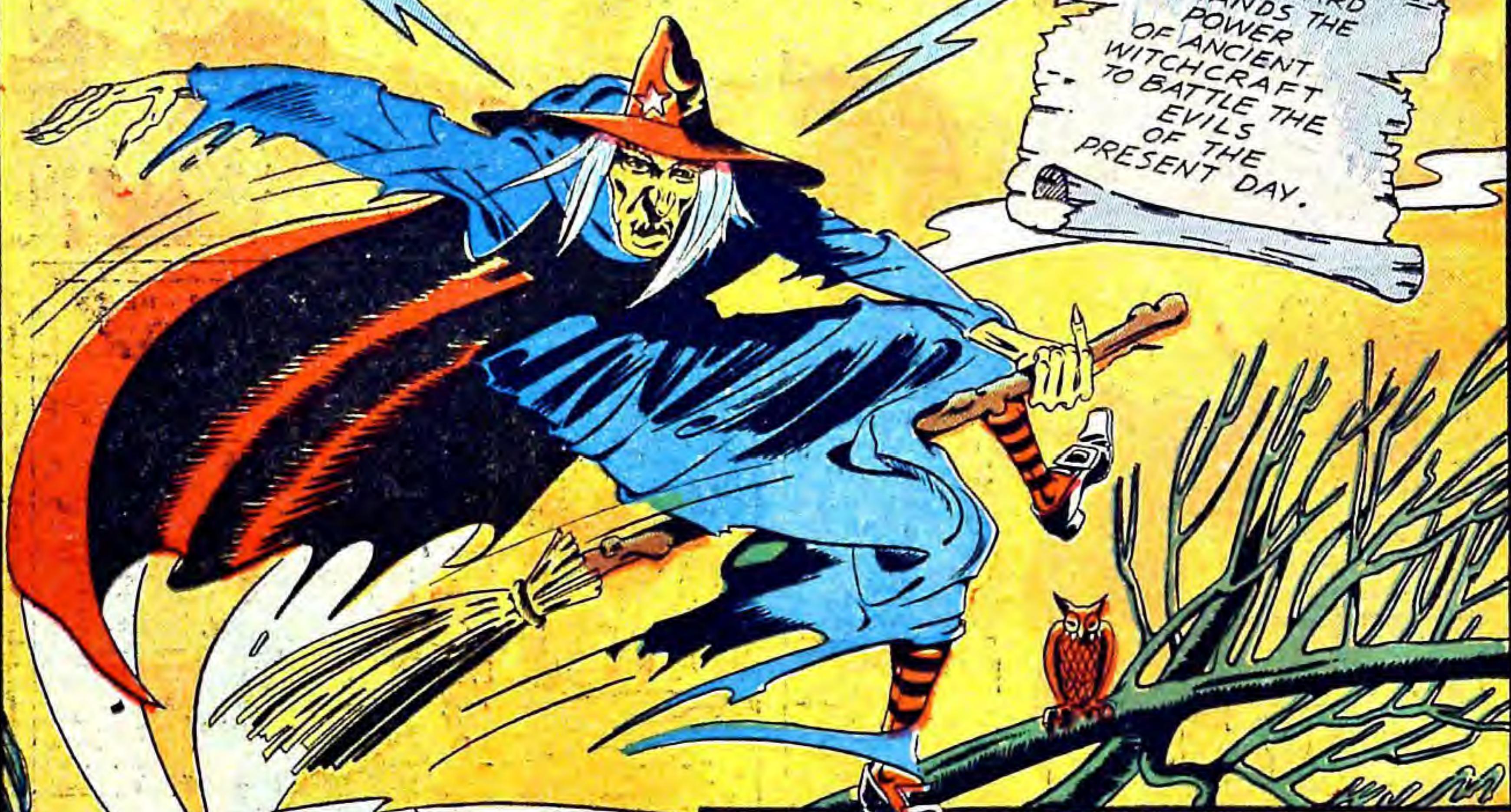


MOTHER HUBBARD



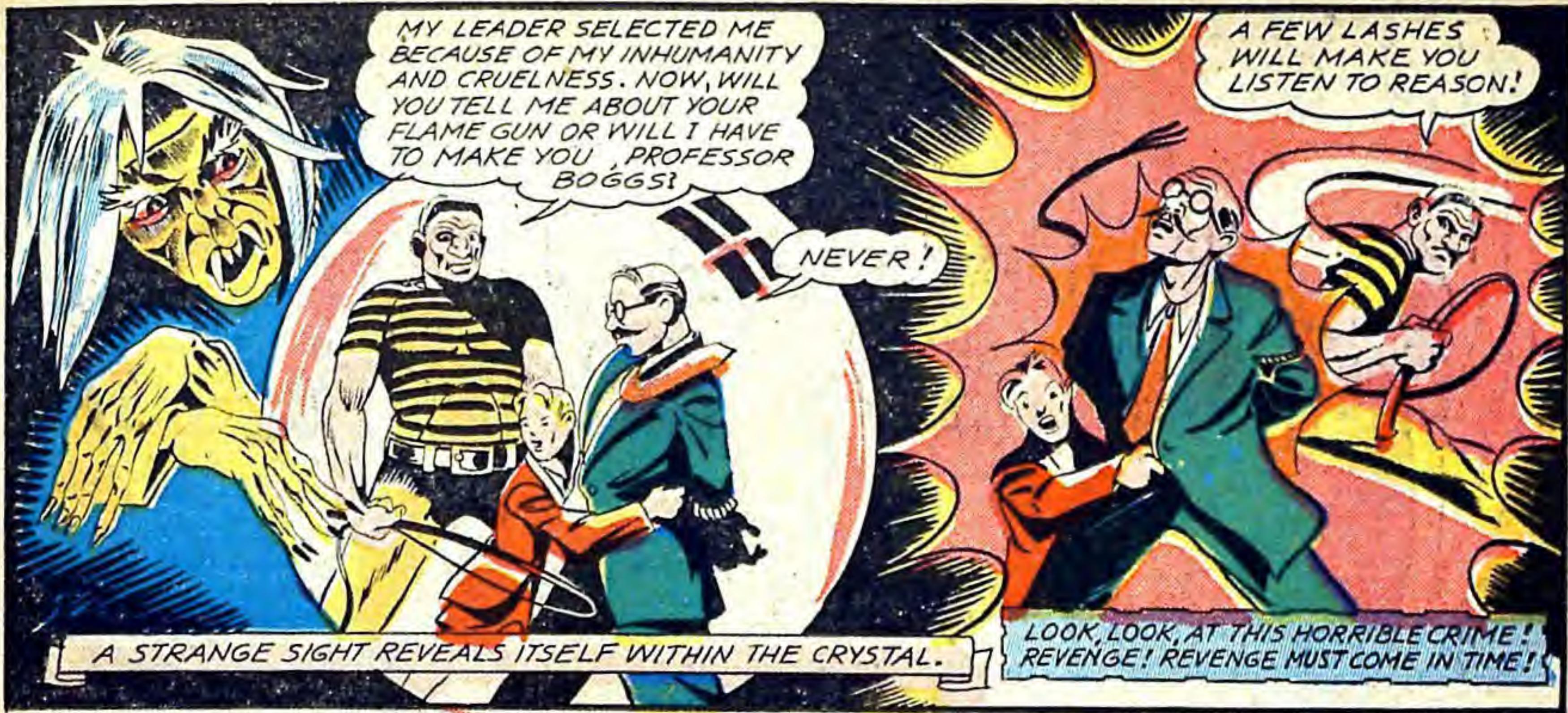
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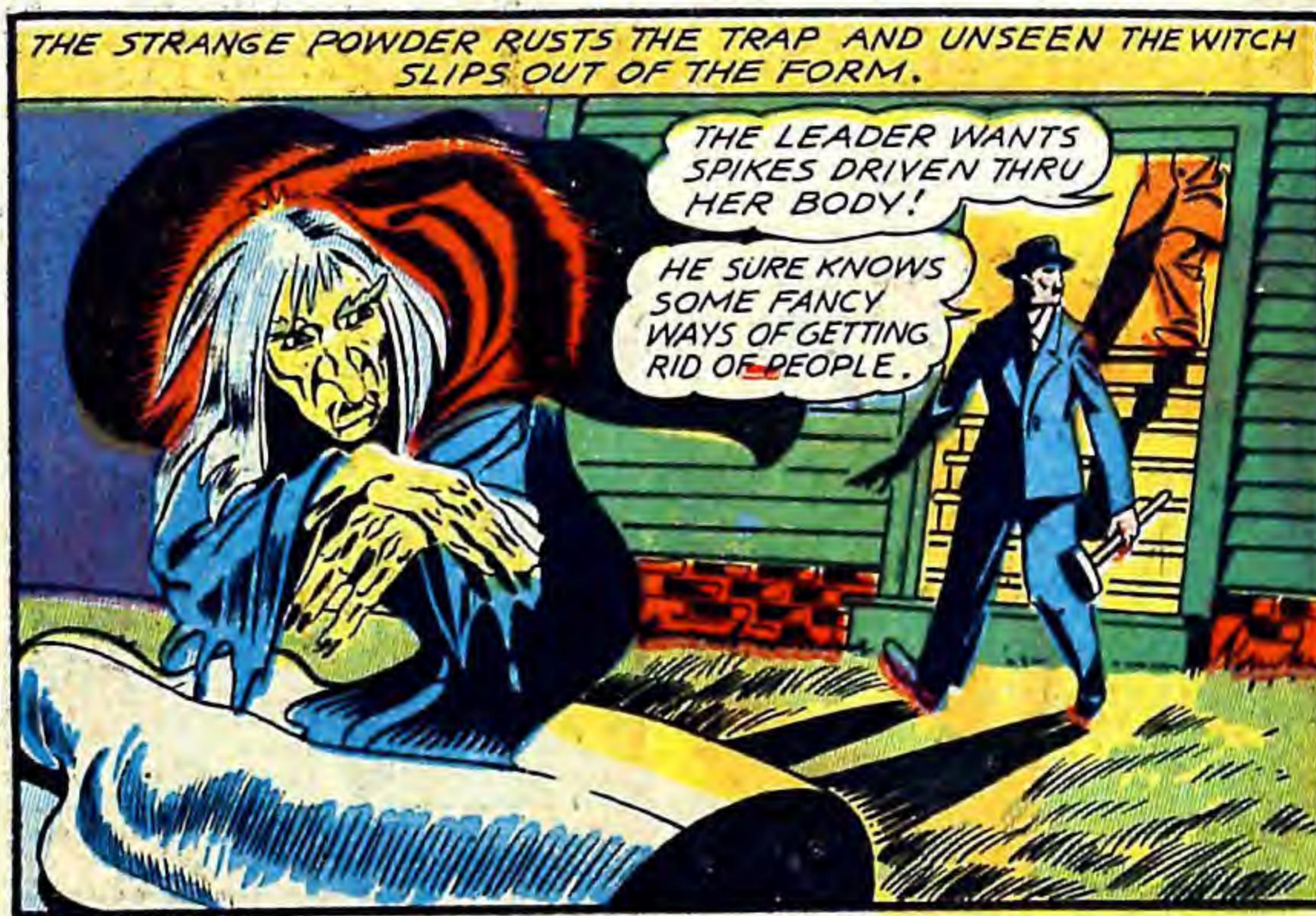
REMNANT OF AN AGE LONG PAST,
THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER HUBBARD
COMMANDS THE POWER
OF ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT
TO BATTLE THE EVILS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

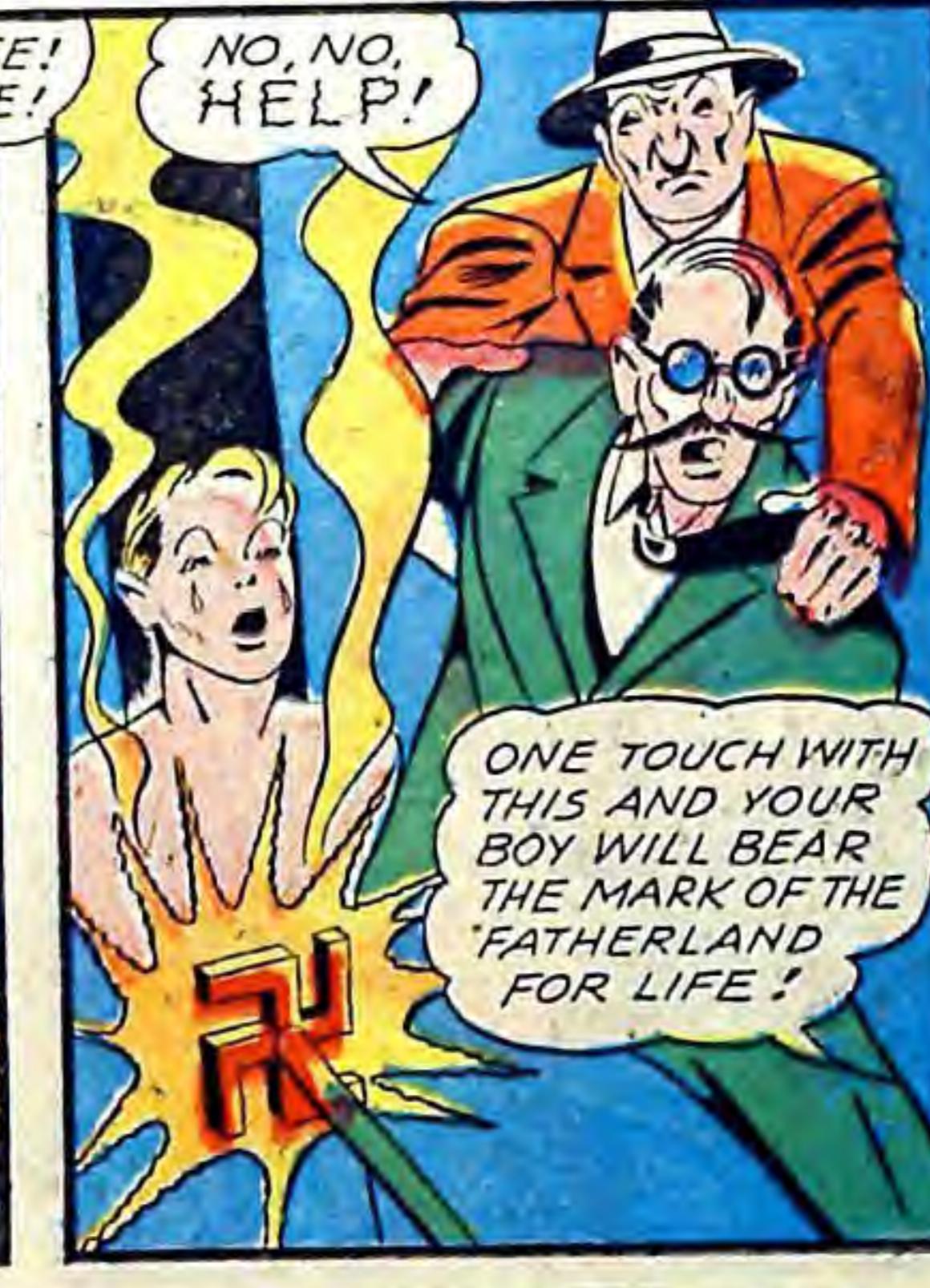


IN AN EERIE, DESOLATE SURROUNDING, MYSTERIOUS MOTHER HUBBARD DWELLS IN SOLITUDE.

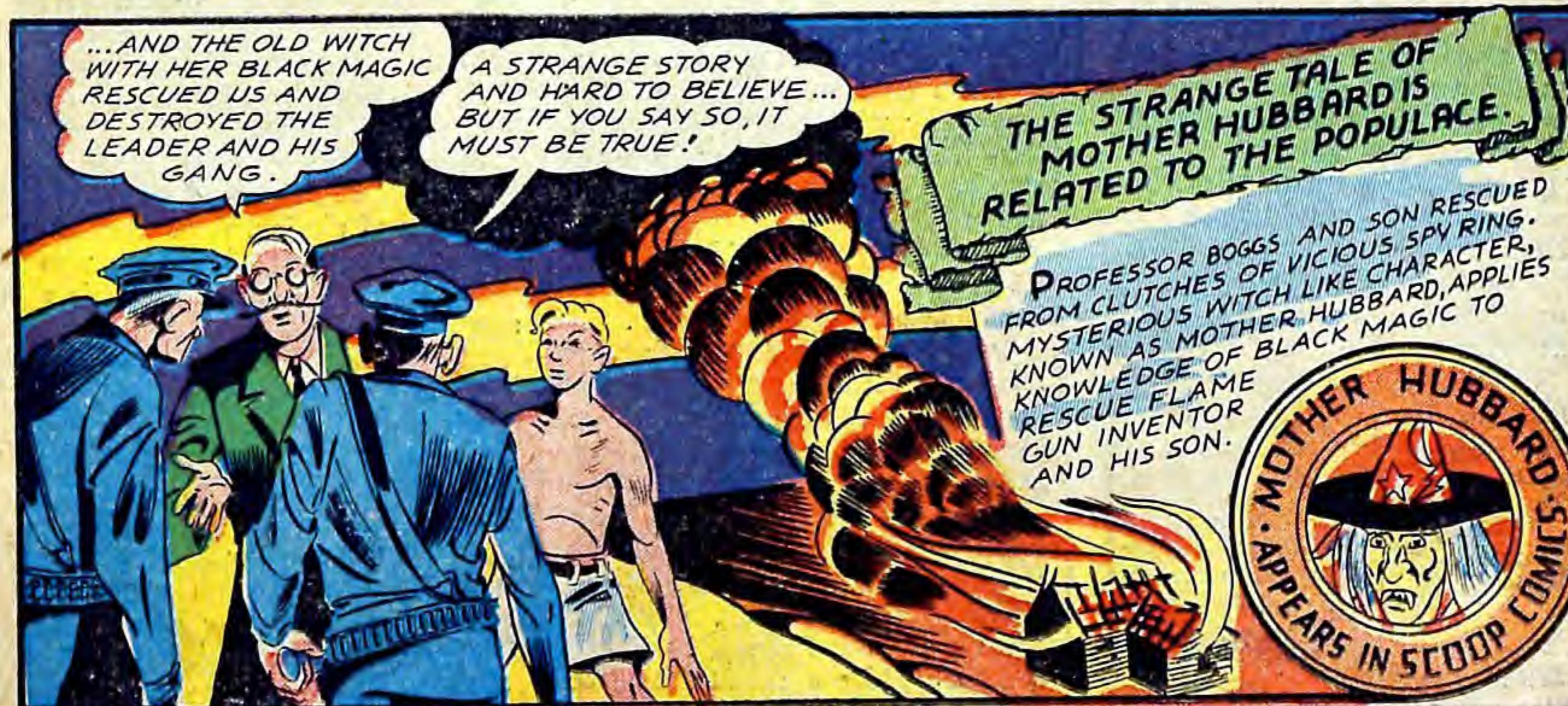












MUSIC SOOTHES THE SAVAGE BEAST!



"Quit blowing that harmonica," Sergeant Quinn roared, pulling the tent flap aside. "I'm supposed to stall the chiefs of fifty thousand blood thirsty Arabs until the delegation from the home office arrives to find out how much gold it'll take to keep them loyal to the Empire." He wiped a sweat-streaked face. "It's hot enough to fry eggs in the shade," Quinn continued, "and all you do is play that harmonica." Quinn let the tent flap drop. "Those foreign correspondents, bah!" he raved as he walked off.

Scoop Daily grinned as he wiped the harmonica on his shirt sleeves. He grabbed a pencil and for a few minutes lost himself in the notes he scribbled on the pad. Then grabbing his hat, Scoop sallied out into the blazing sun. He slipped up to the white-robed group at the oasis and stretched out on the grass. Slowly his eyes closed.

"Did you hear that?" the gruff voice of Sergeant Quinn roused him.

"It's too hot to listen to that stuff," Scoop replied. "I'm hunting news not orations!"

"Listen," Quinn barked. "He just said the German Government has offered the desert tribes much gold and guns to drive the British from the desert."

"So what?" Scoop growled. "When your delegation arrives they'll double the offer and the Arabs will swear allegiance to them."

"But our delegation won't be here for another six hours. It might be too late by . . ." Quinn's voice trailed off at the sight of a white robed figure leaping to its feet.

"I call for an immediate vote," the screaming Arab shouted. "We must side with the German Government," he continued. "They respect us by sending officials to parley with us, while the British stand by idly!"

Quinn leaped to his feet and rushed to the center of the circle. "I plead with you to wait six more hours," he bellowed.

Silence followed. Another white-robed chief sprang up. "For days we have been waiting," he roared, "and it has always been the same, 'they will come.' The tribes of the East will not wait. We vote to accept the German offer."

Another white-robed figure rose. "The tribes of the North," he said slowly, "vote with their Eastern brothers!"

Scoop Daily's eyes widened. The entire Arab nation was in danger of becoming hostile to the British.

Swiftly, he jumped to his feet. He raced into the center of the circle as the Western Chief was about to speak. Quickly, he shoved his little harmonica between his parched lips and began playing.

The Arab Chief slid back into his seat as Scoop danced round and round the circle. Jazz, old time songs, classics and swing, he played them all. Not a sound from the

Arabs as they sat motionless listening to the sweet melodies.

Scoop's clothes were soaking, streams of perspiration rolled from him—but he played on. He dared not stop. A glance toward Sergeant Quinn told him that the fate of the whole British Empire depended on his ability to keep them entertained. Quinn was silently pleading with him to keep going.

"Round and Round the Mulberry Bush," "Yankee Doodle," "Side-walks of New York," "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl," etc. One after another. Hour after hour until he grew tired, weary, more weary and soon slumped to the ground.

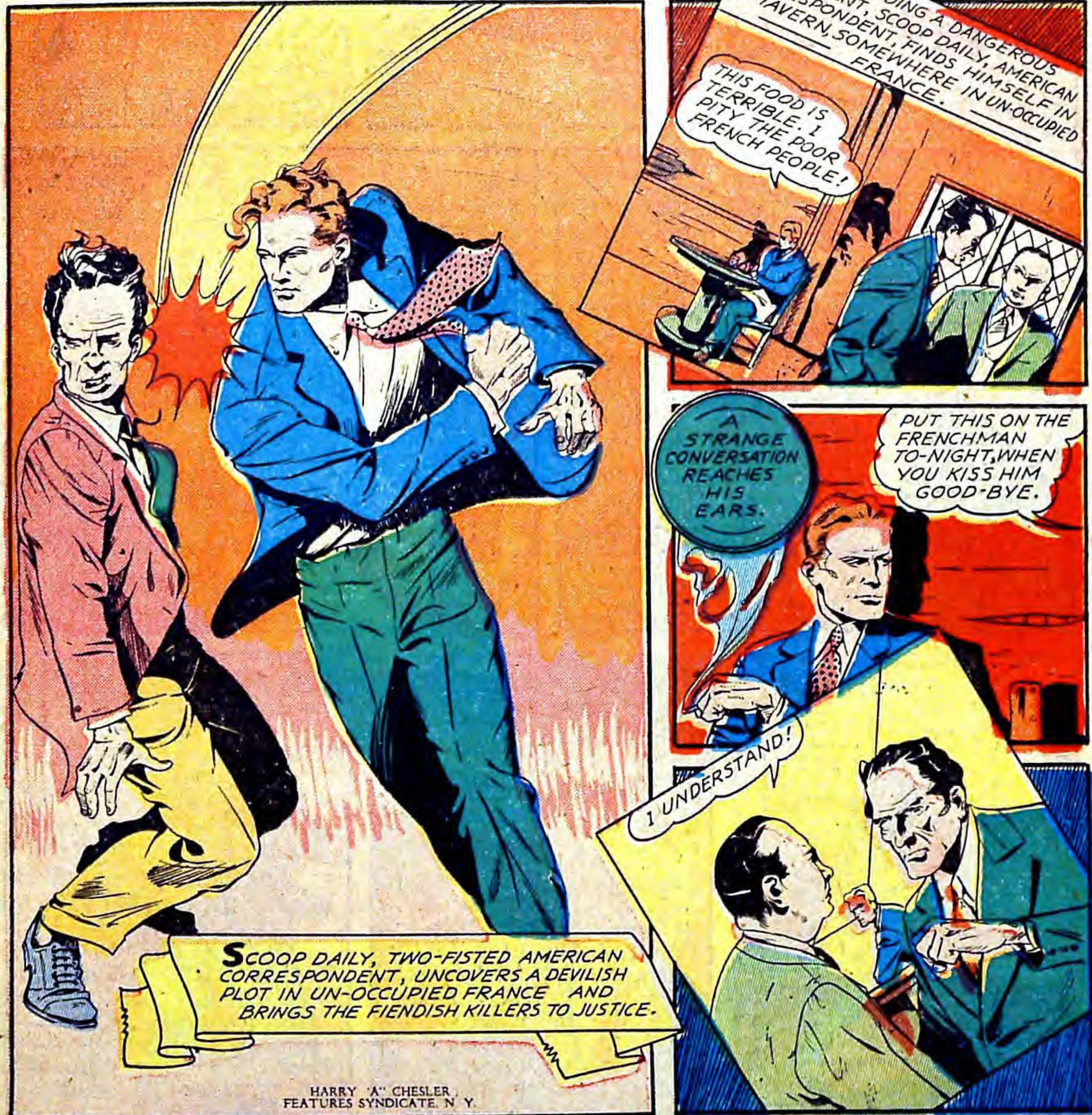
. . . Scoop opened his eyes to face the smiling Sergeant Quinn. "It's over," the Army man shouted, "you held them until our delegation arrived and now the Arabs are on the side of the British."

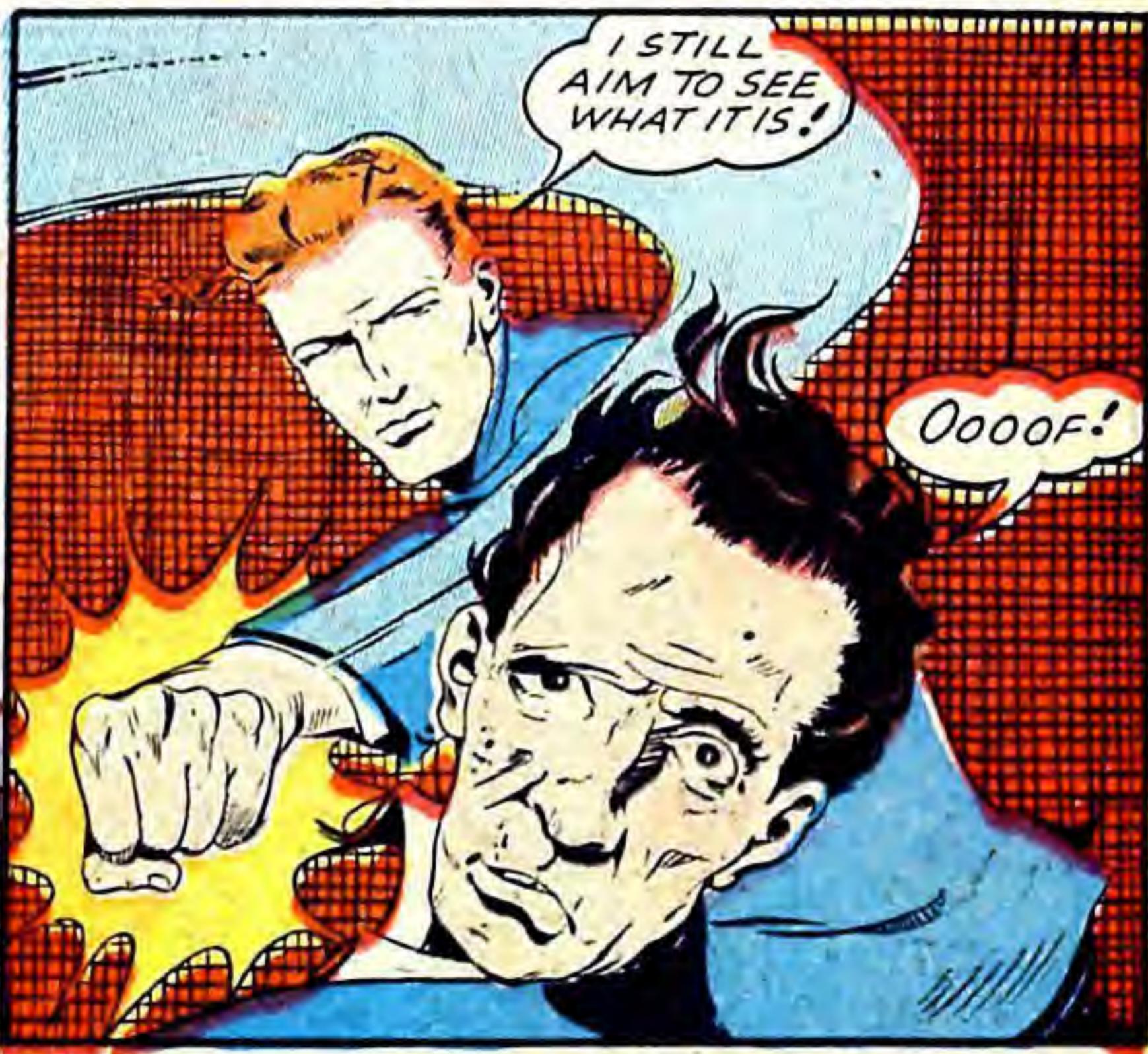
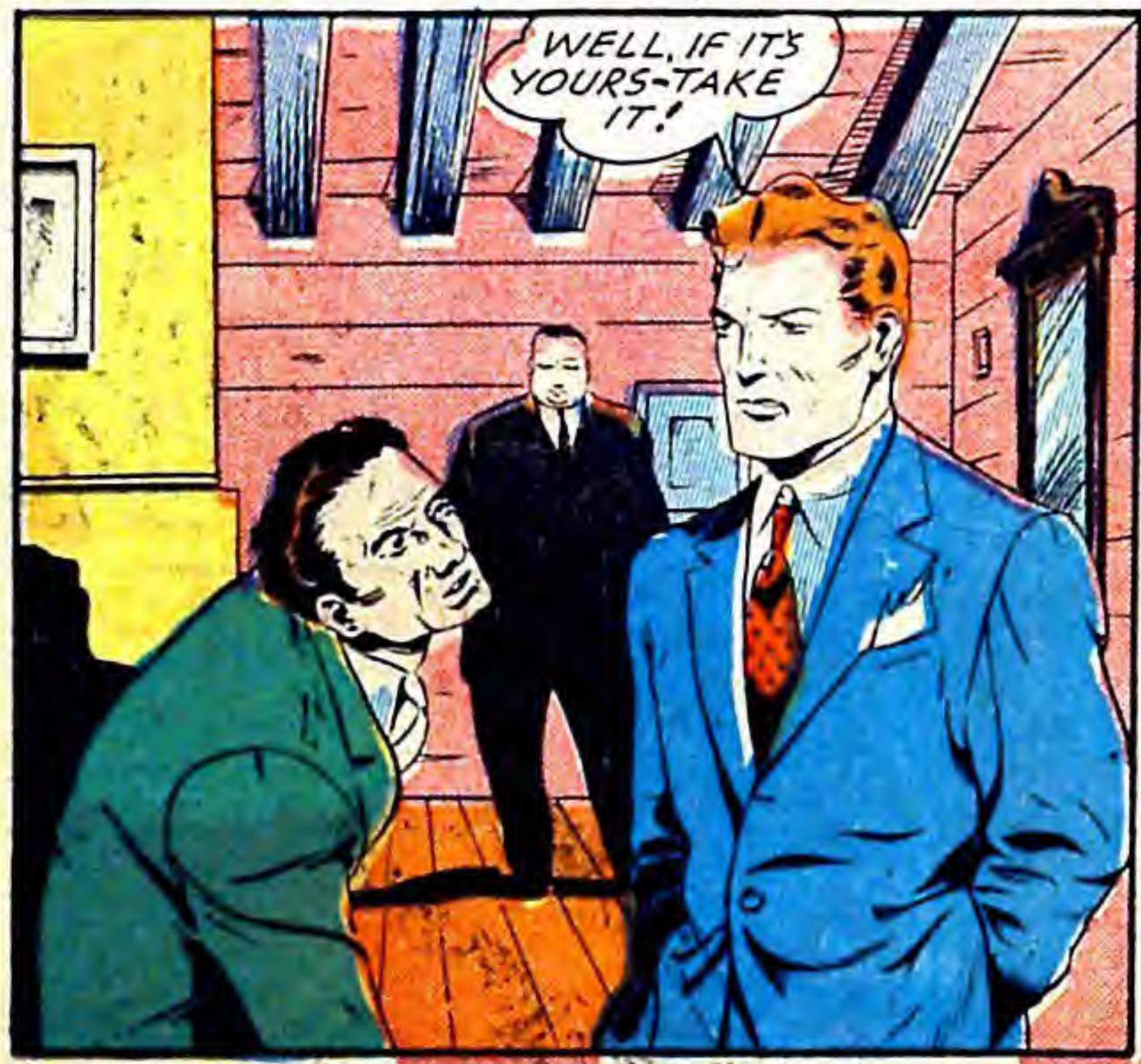
Sergeant Quinn helped Scoop to his tent. "You did it all right—but six hours of playing, why? You foreign correspondents don't care who wins the war—as long as there's a story," Quinn said.

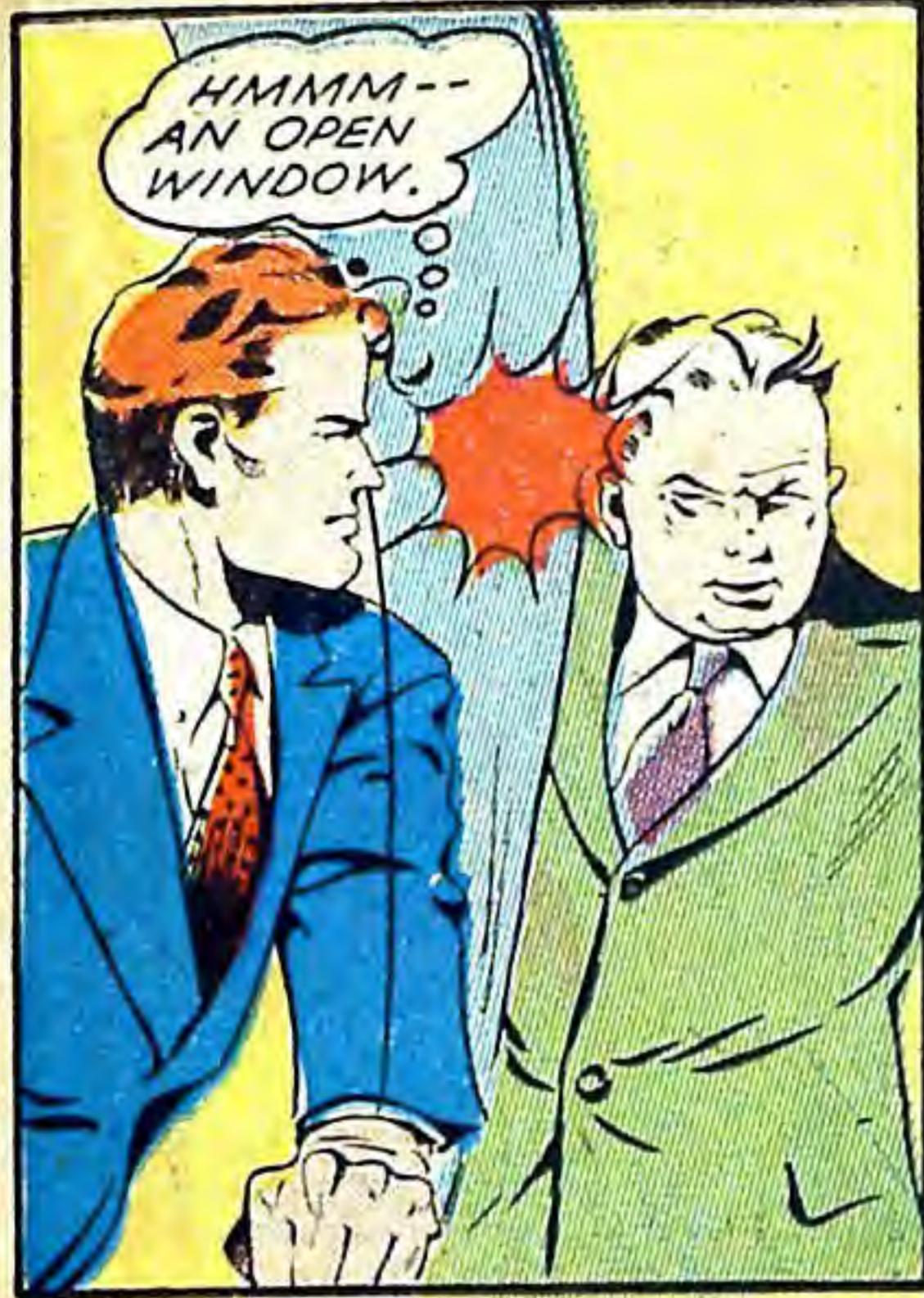
Scoop grinned through parched lips and replied, "I wrote my story in advance, that the Arabs were going to back the British and I'll be darned if I was going to rewrite it in this heat!"

Scoop turned to the Sergeant and suddenly burst out with a roar of laughter as he saw the husky Sergeant kissing the small harmonica affectionately.

Scoop DAILY

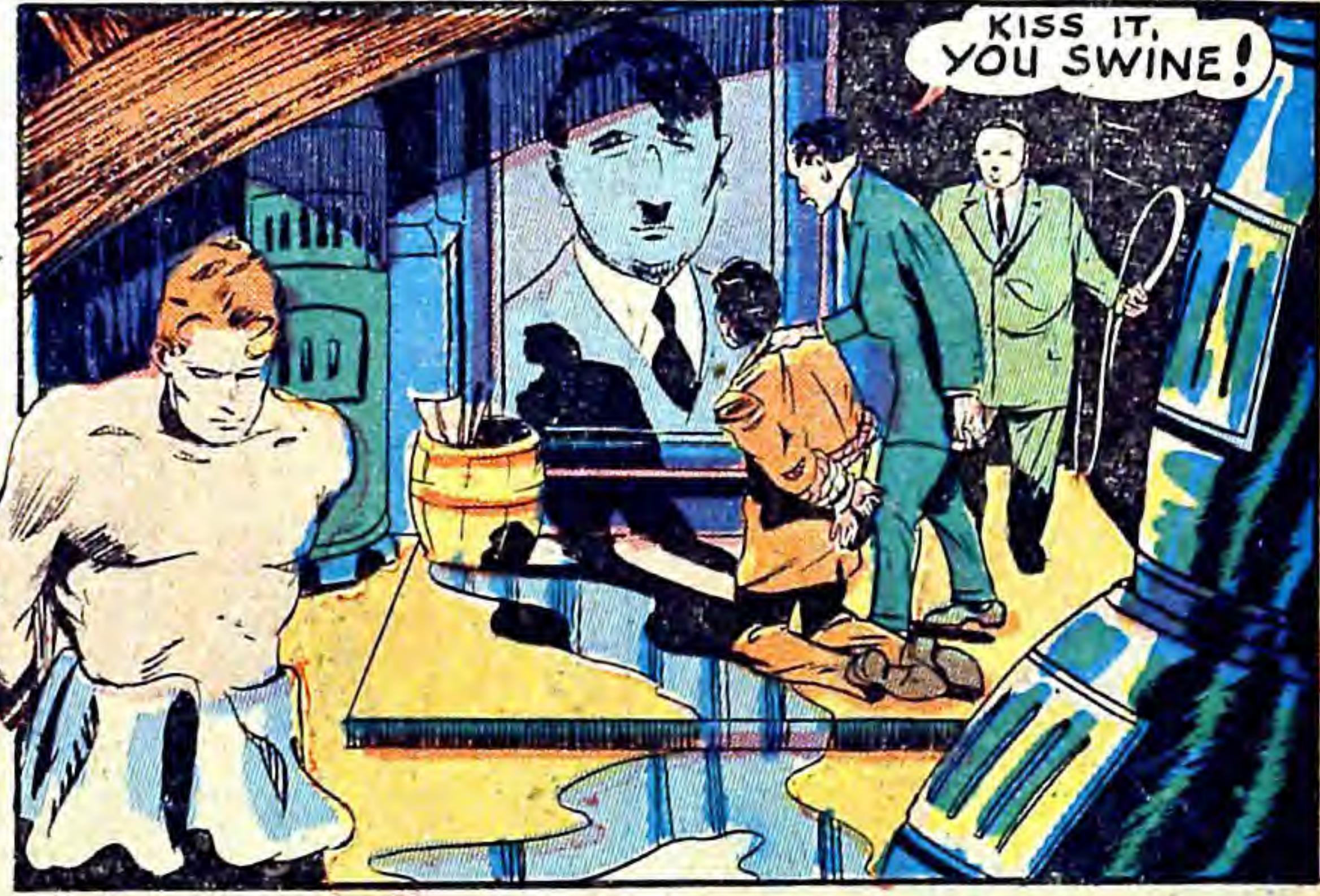
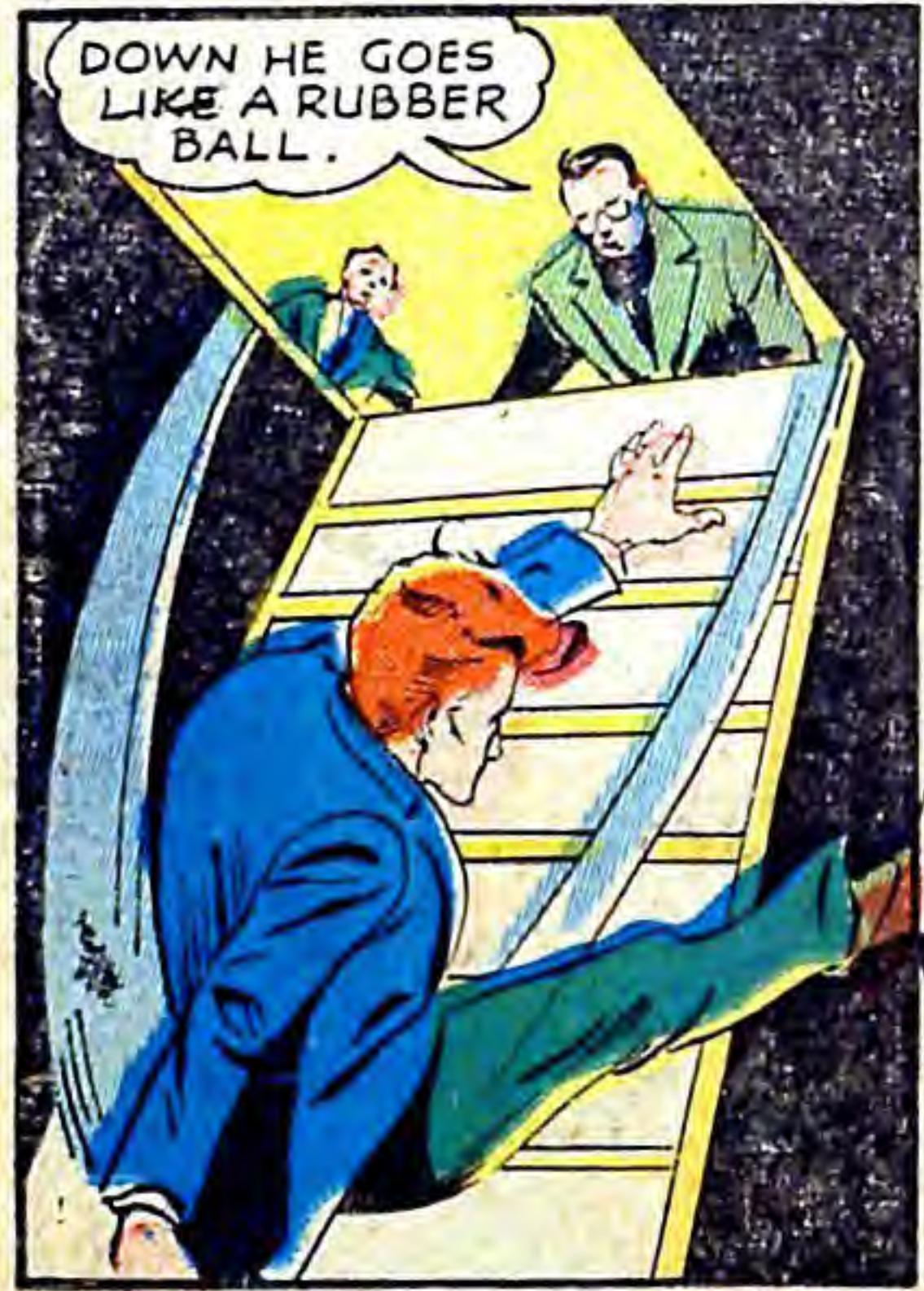












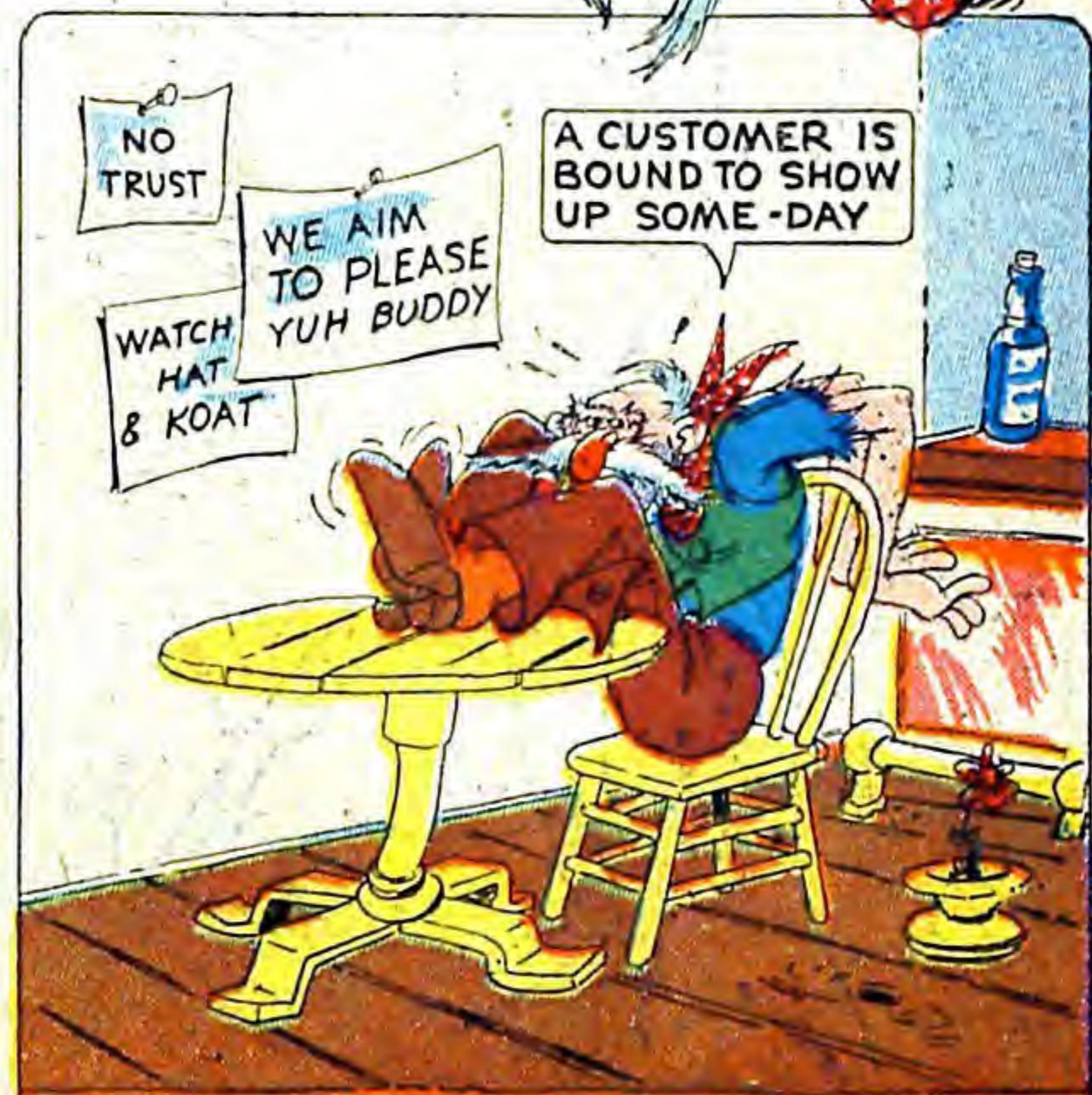




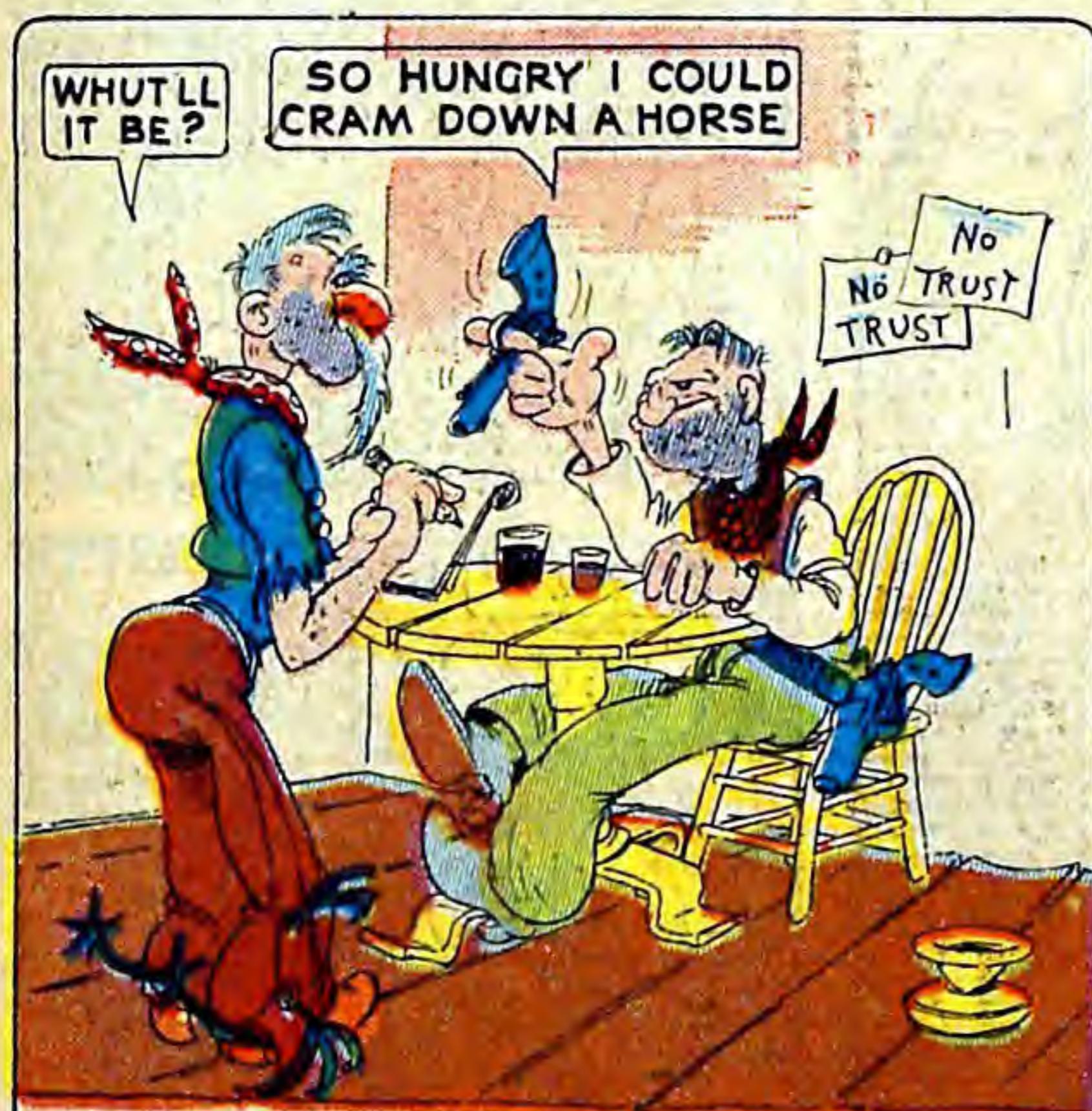
LONESOME Luke



NOW LONESOME LUKE HAD OPENED UP
A PLACE WHERE FOLKS COULD EAT
HE ADVERTISED TO EVERYONE
HIS MEALS COULD NOT BE BEAT



AND IN HIS PLACE HE HUNG A SIGN
WE AIM TO PLEASE IT READ
WE GIVE THE PATRON WHAT HE WANTS
IS WHAT ANOTHER SAID —

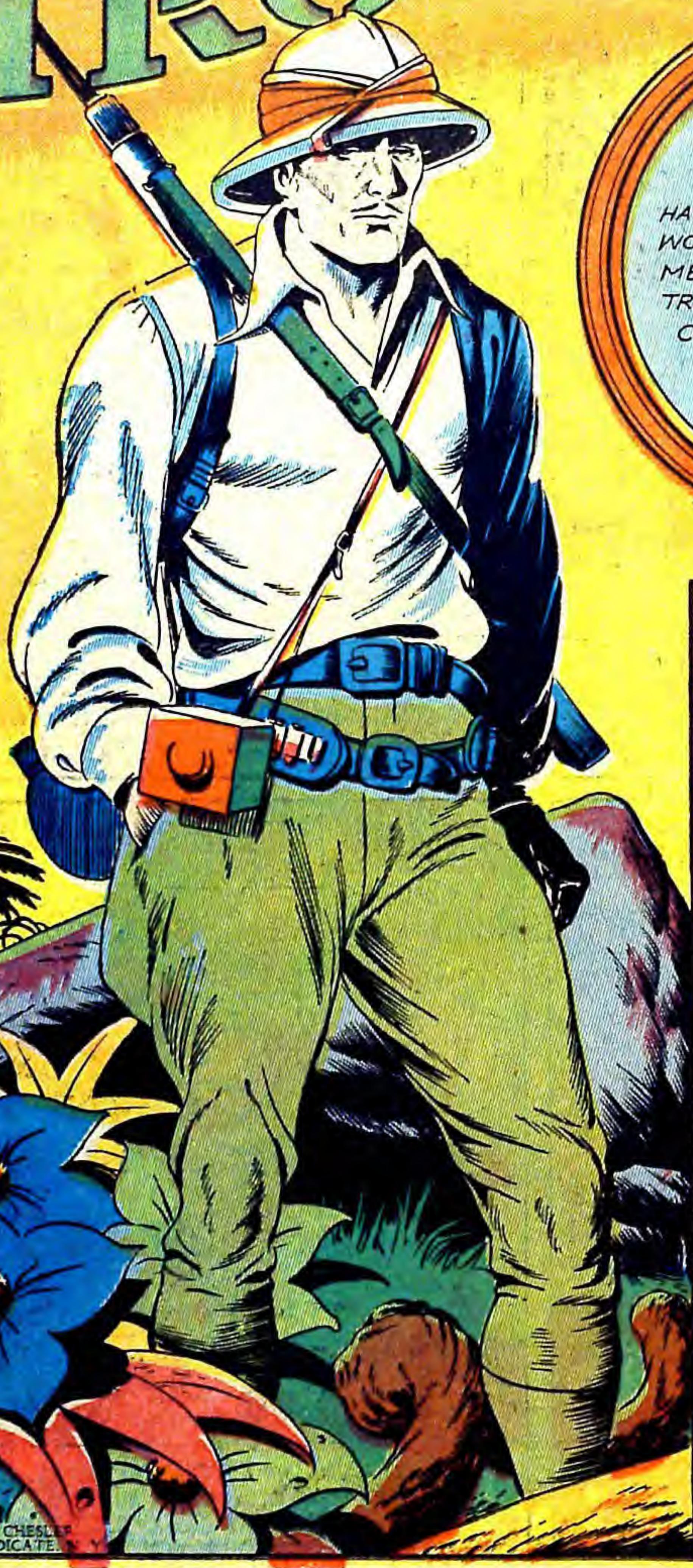


A CUSTOMER CAME IN ONE DAY
LUKE HEARD HIM LOUDLY SPEAK
SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HORSE
AIN'T TOUCHED FOOD IN A WEEK



IN JUST A MOMENT LONESOME LUKE
HAD BROUGHT HIM IN A HORSE
AND SAID "JUST AS YOU'VE ORDERED SIR
AND WITH TOMATO SAUCE".

"GLOBE" TROTTER



STEVE TROTTER,
FAMOUS
SPORTSMAN,

HAS JOURNEYED AROUND THE
WORLD IN SEARCH OF EXCITE-
MENT AND ADVENTURE. HIS
TRAVELS OVER THE SEVEN
CONTINENTS HAVE EARNED
HIM THE NICKNAME...
"GLOBE" TROTTER.
THE STORY OPENS..

A HUNTING PARTY PLODS ITS WAY
WEARILY THROUGH THE AFRICAN
JUNGLES.

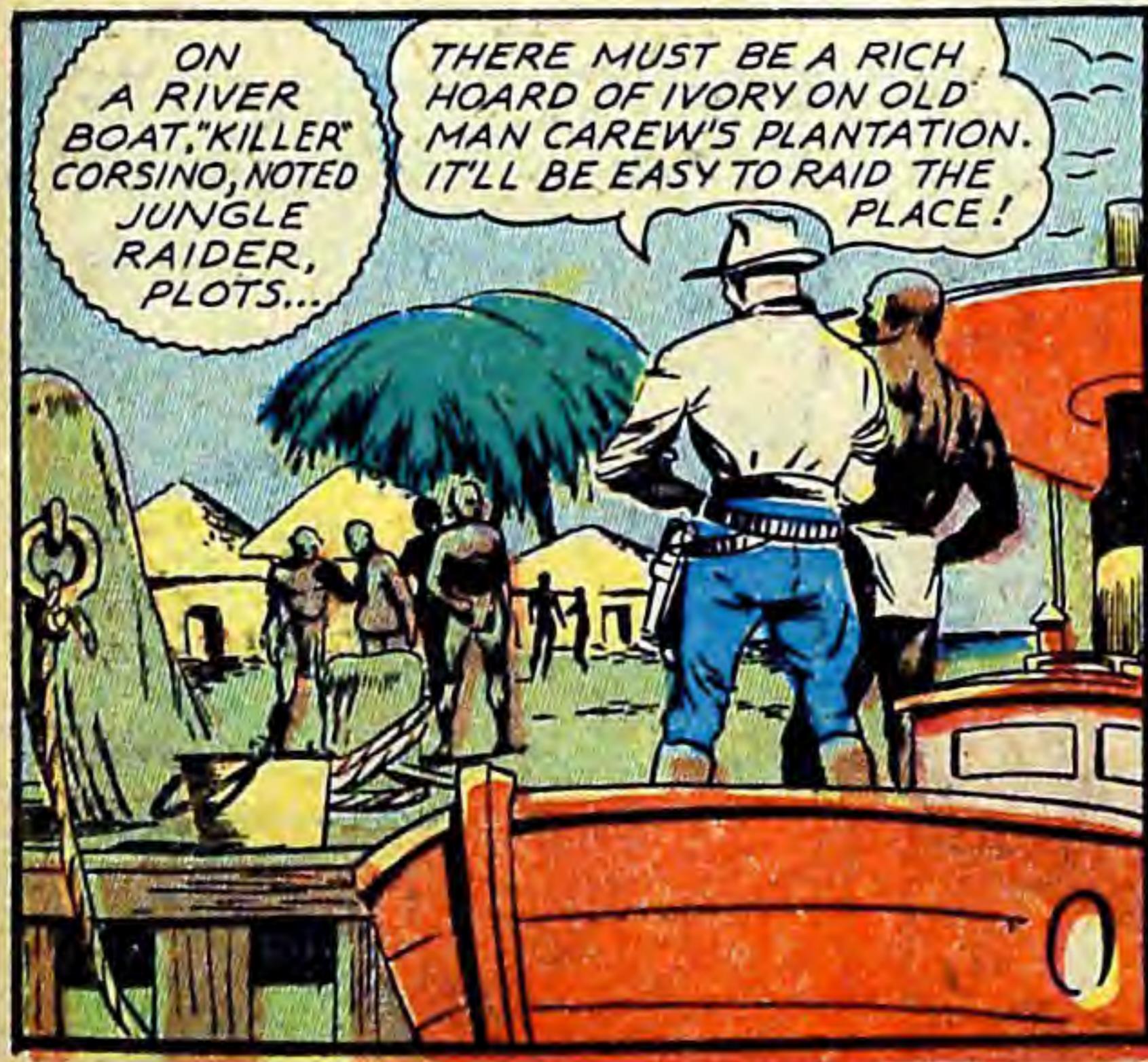


SUDDENLY...

WHAT IN
THE!

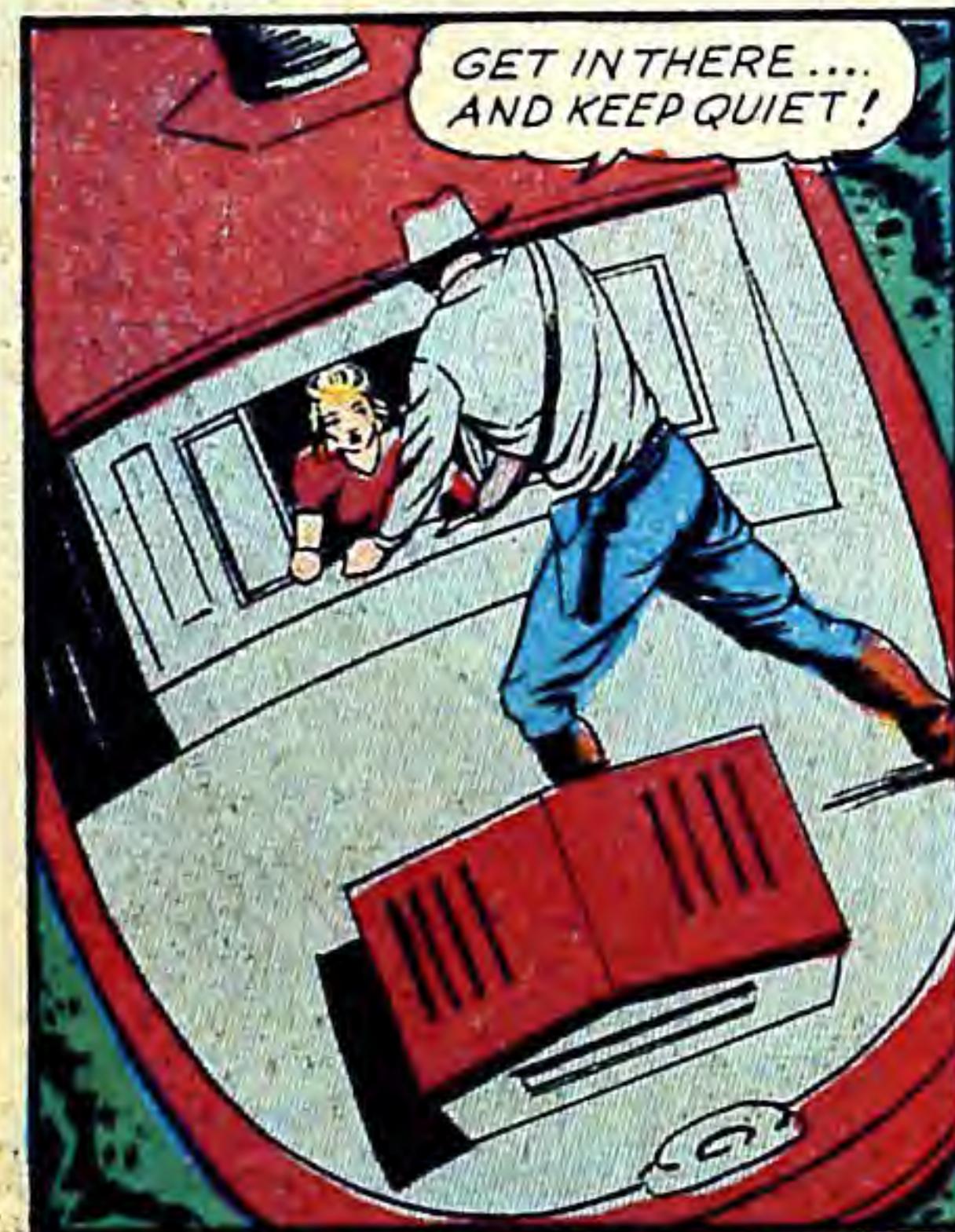
PHTTTTT!

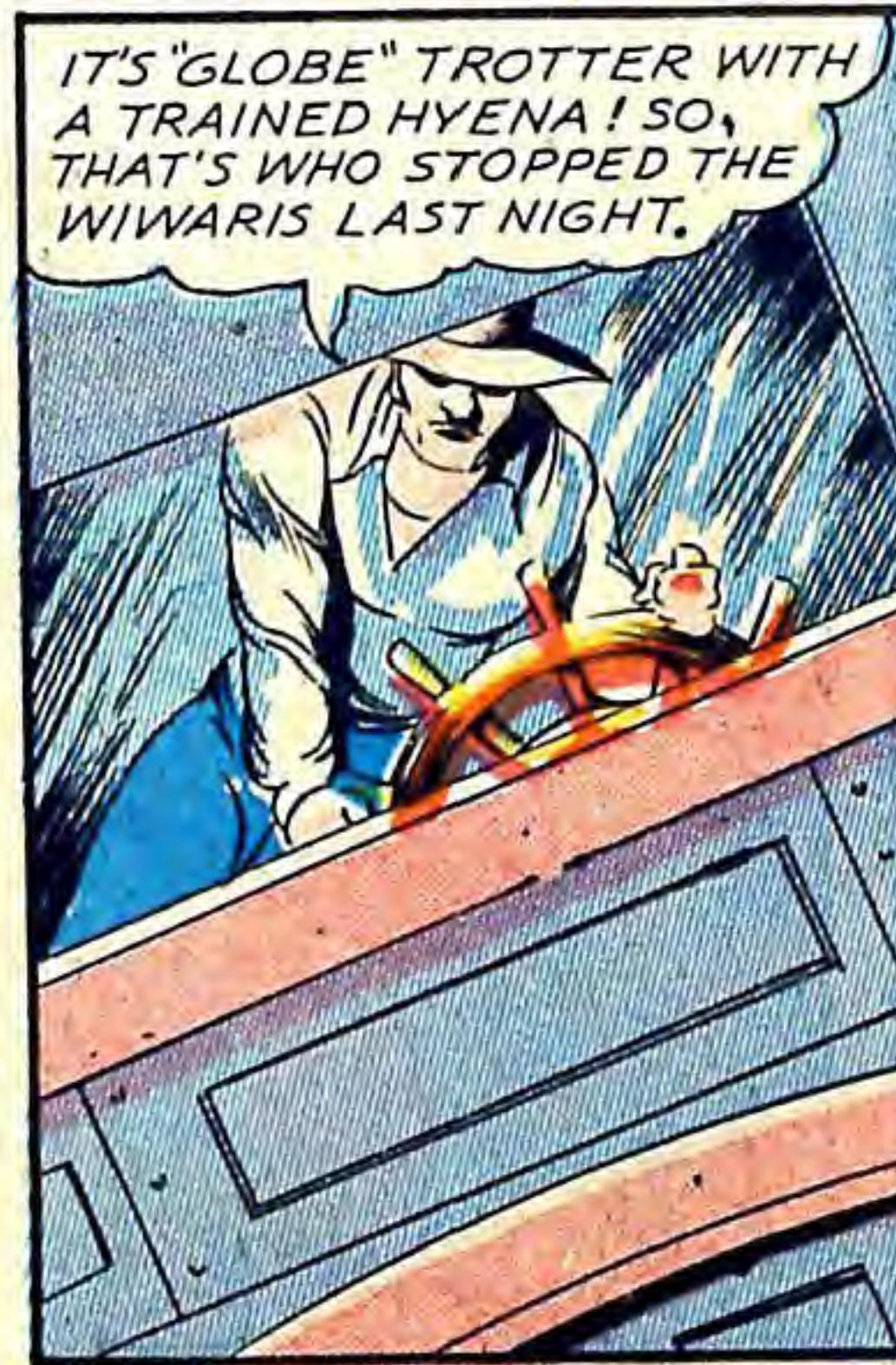
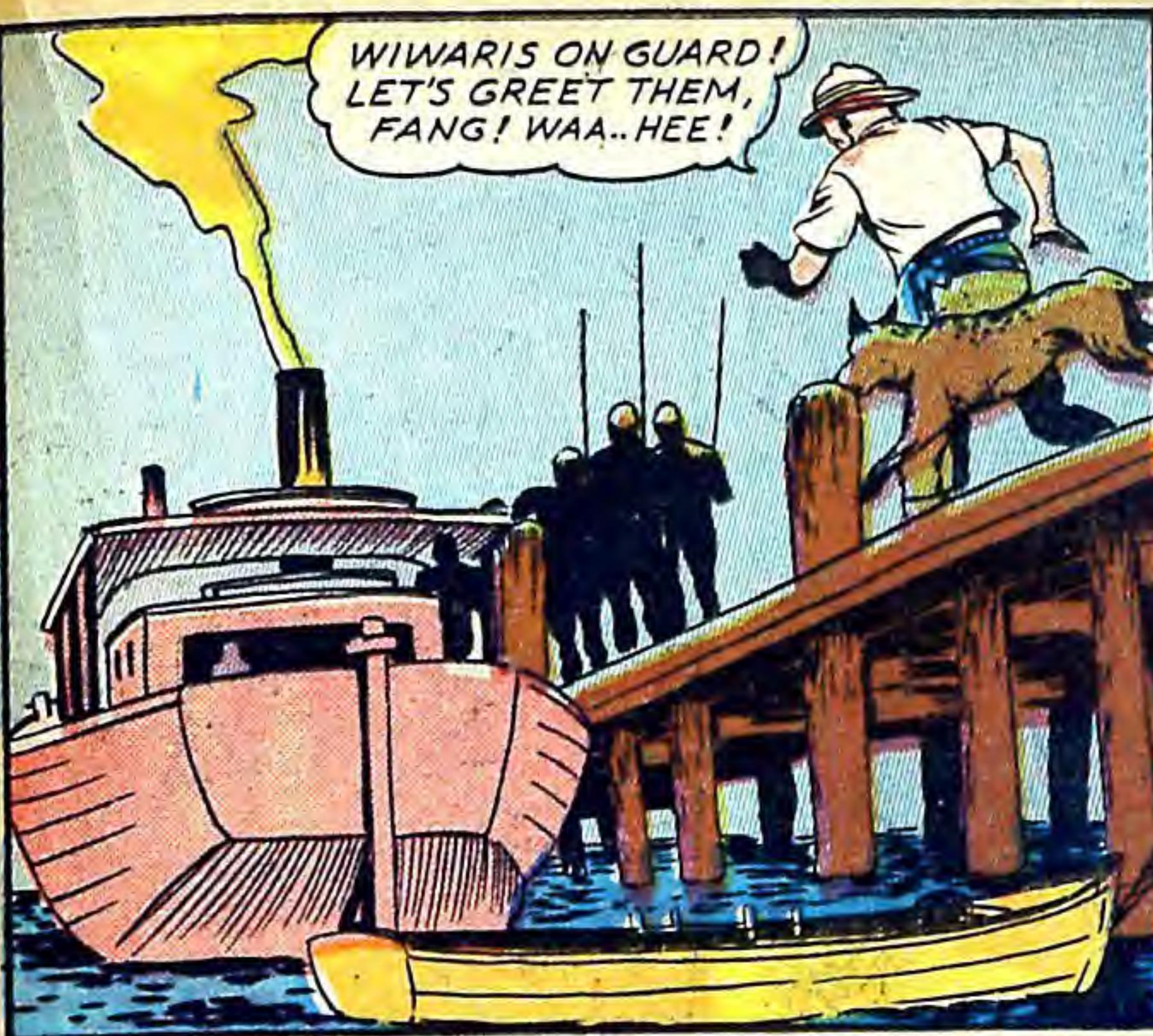












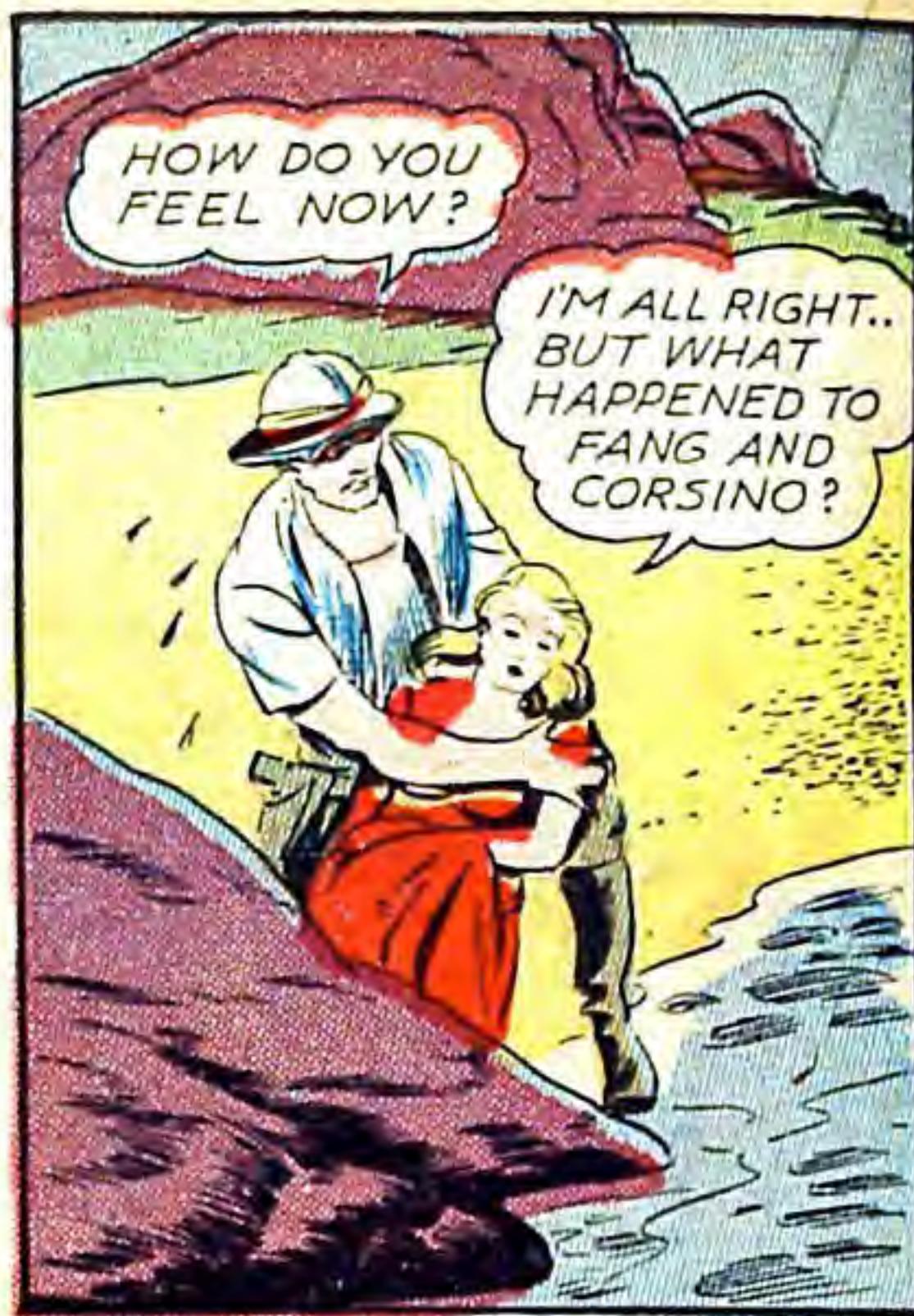
THE UNGUIDED BOAT STRIKES THE DANGEROUS ROCKS WHICH JUT OUT ALONG THE SHORELINE!



MARY MUST HAVE LOST HER SENSES IN THE CRASH. BETTER GET HER TO SHORE!

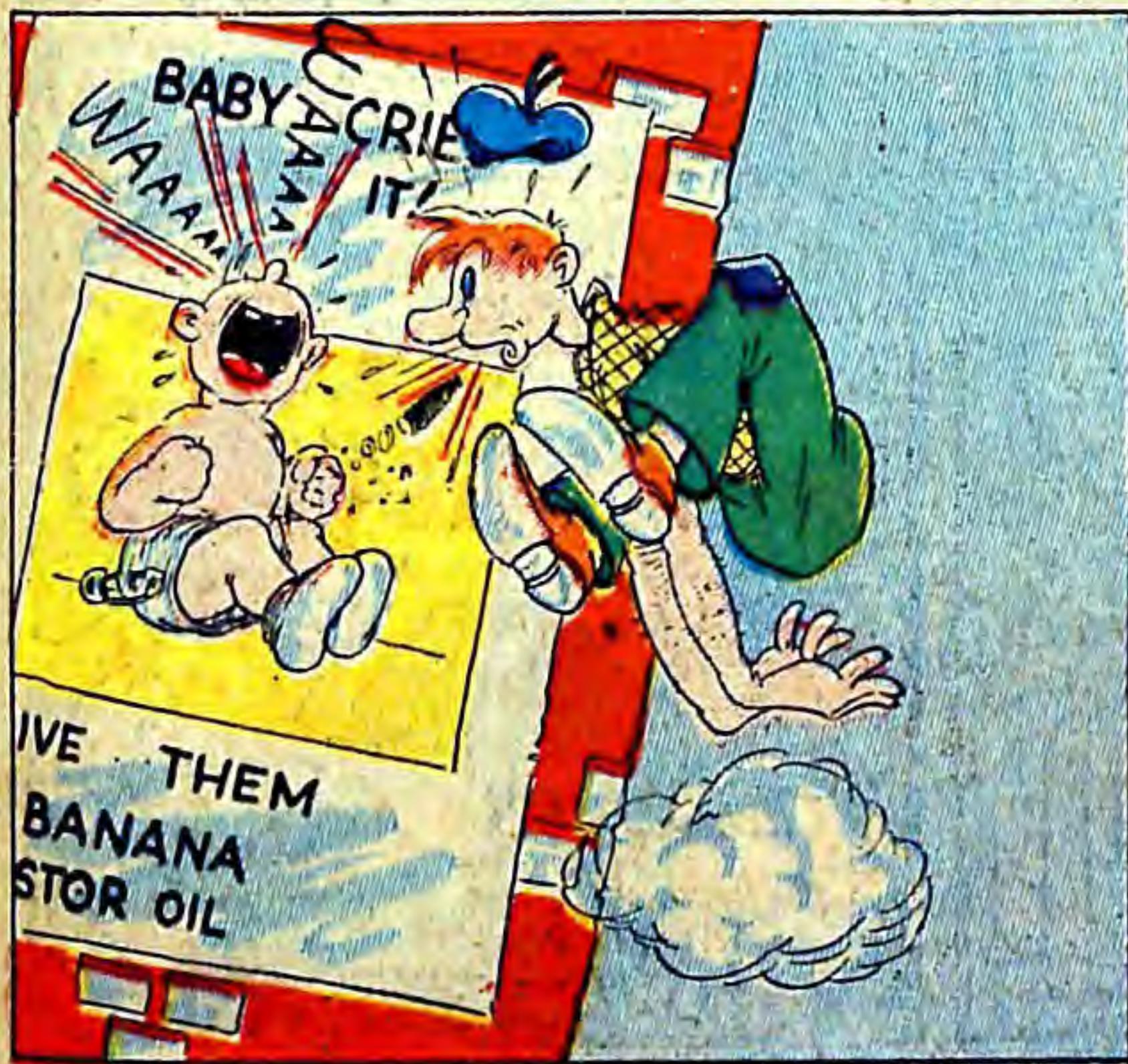
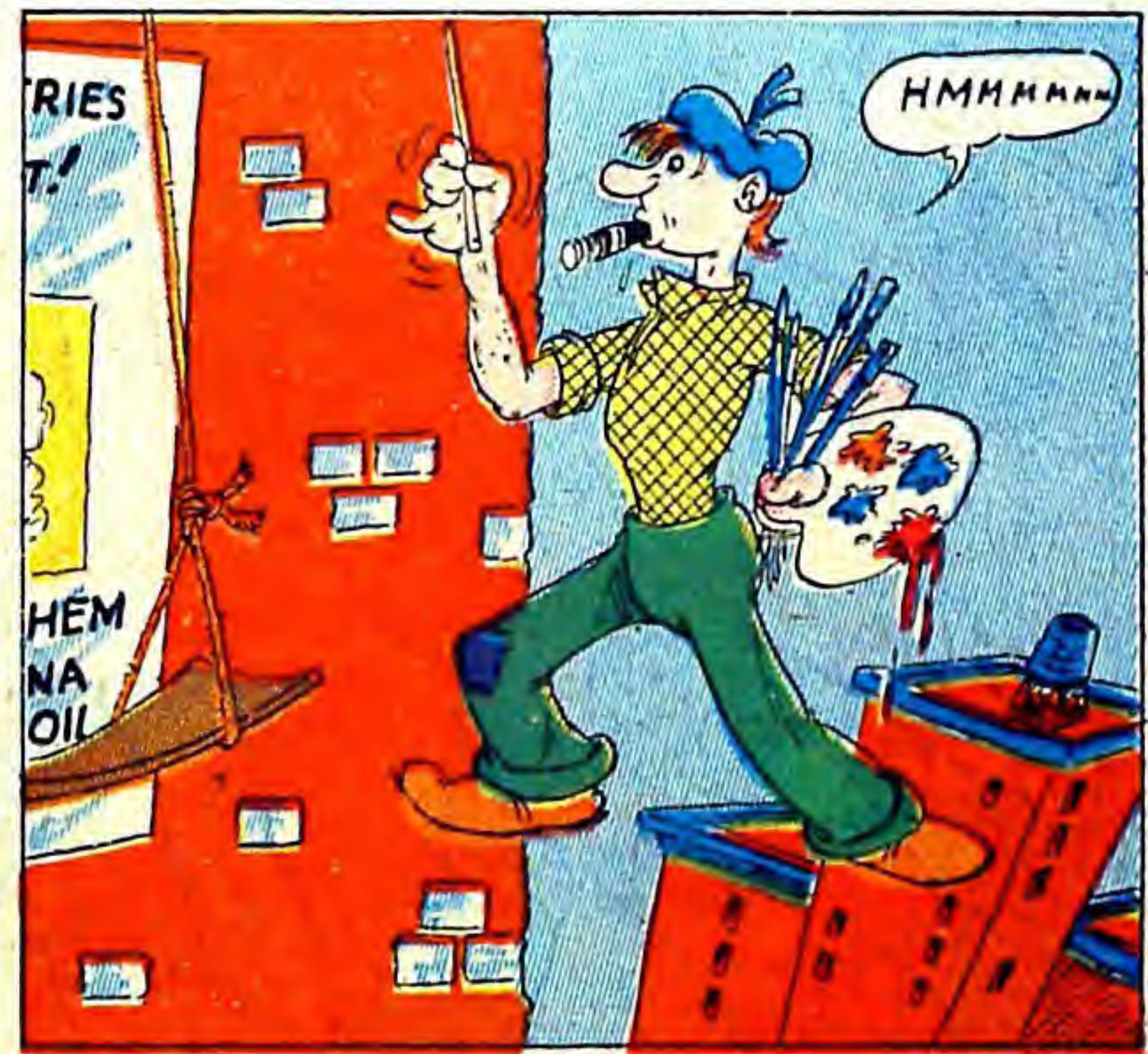
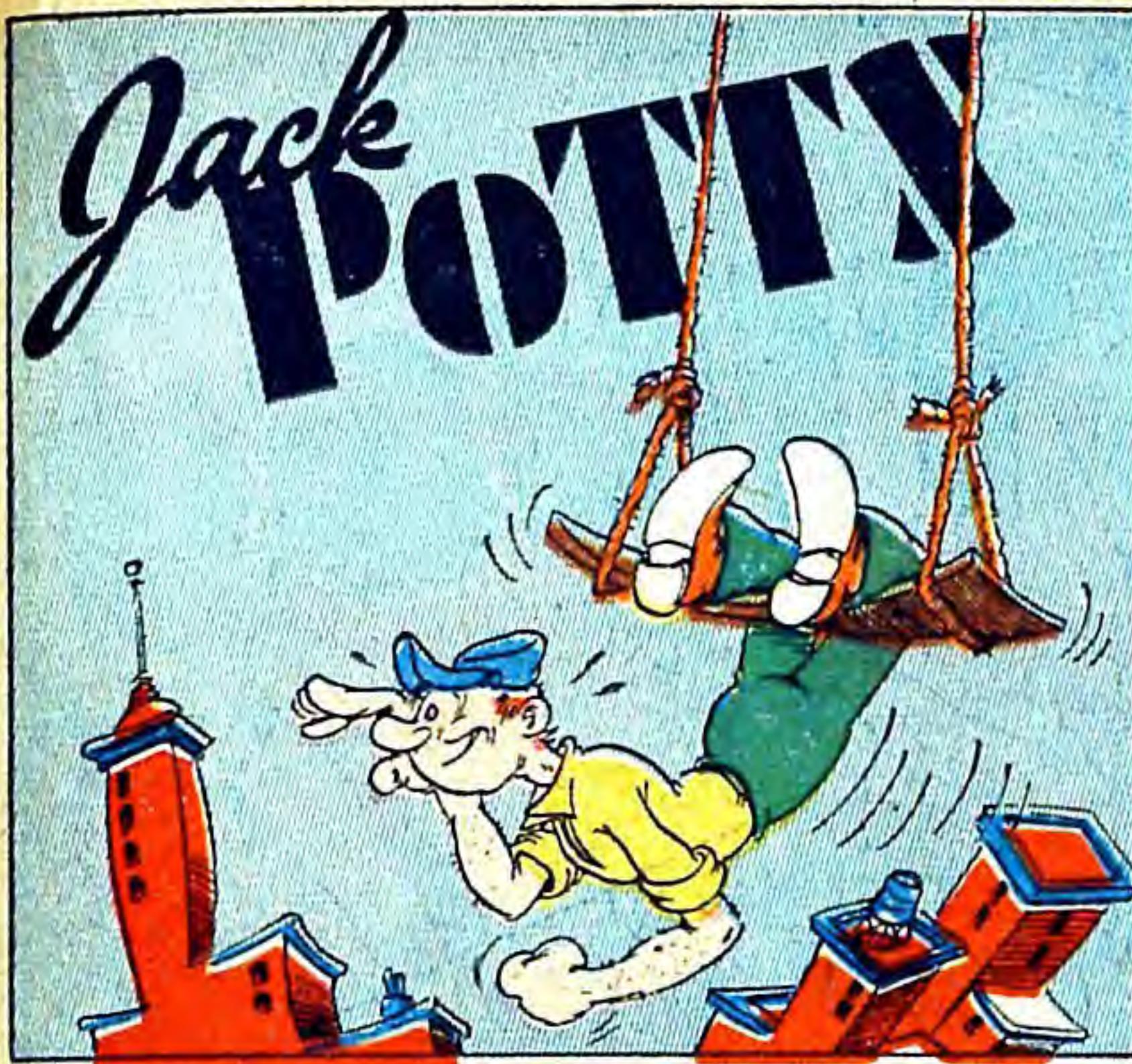


HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?



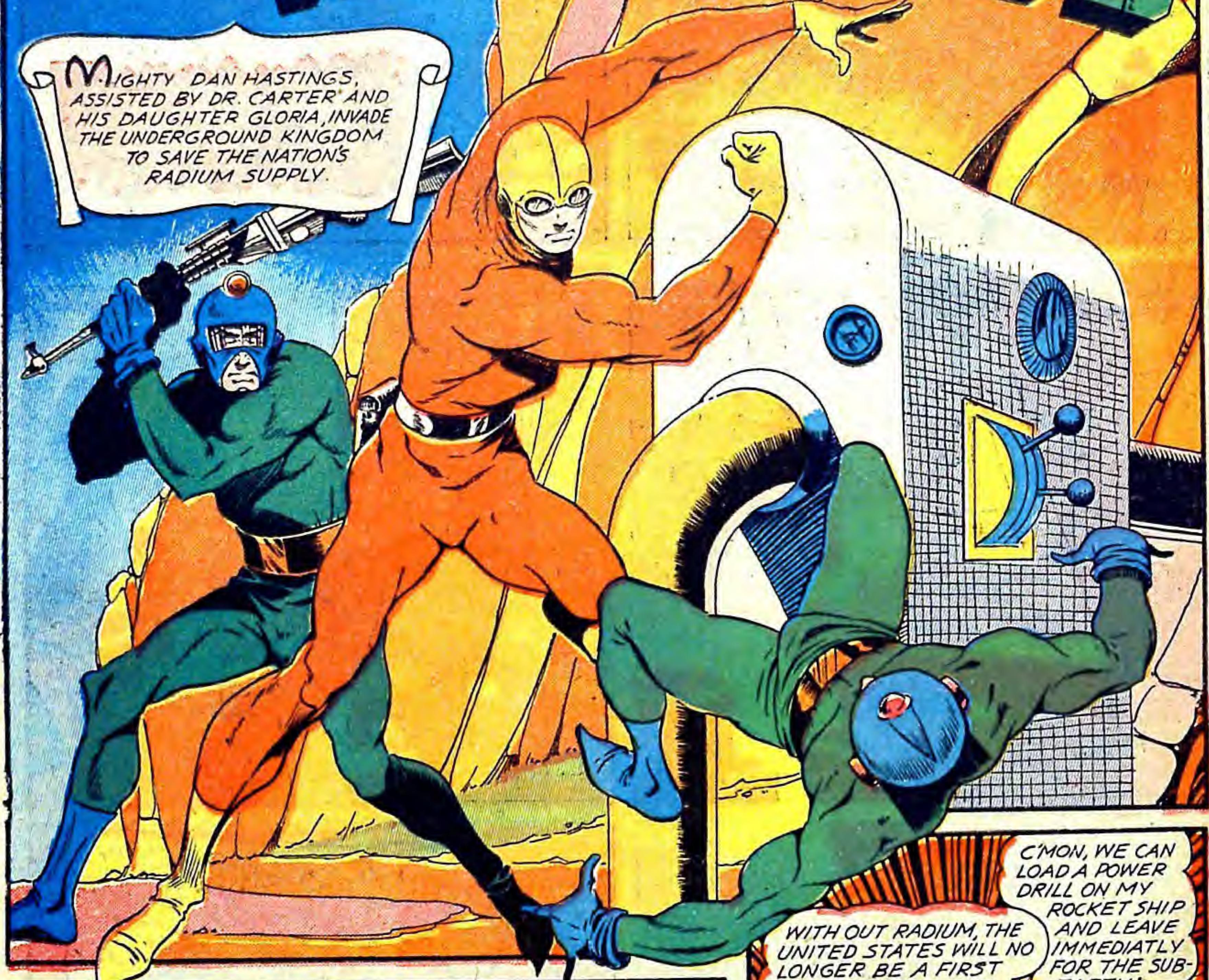
I'M ALL RIGHT.. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO FANG AND CORSINO?





DAN HASTINGS

MIGHTY DAN HASTINGS,
ASSISTED BY DR. CARTER AND
HIS DAUGHTER GLORIA, INVADE
THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM
TO SAVE THE NATION'S
RADIUM SUPPLY.



HELLO DR. CARTER.
HELLO GLORIA.

DAN! I'M GLAD YOU CAME.
I'VE JUST MADE A DREADFUL
DISCOVERY. A SUB EARTH
KINGDOM IS DRAINING US
OF OUR RADIUM SUPPLY!

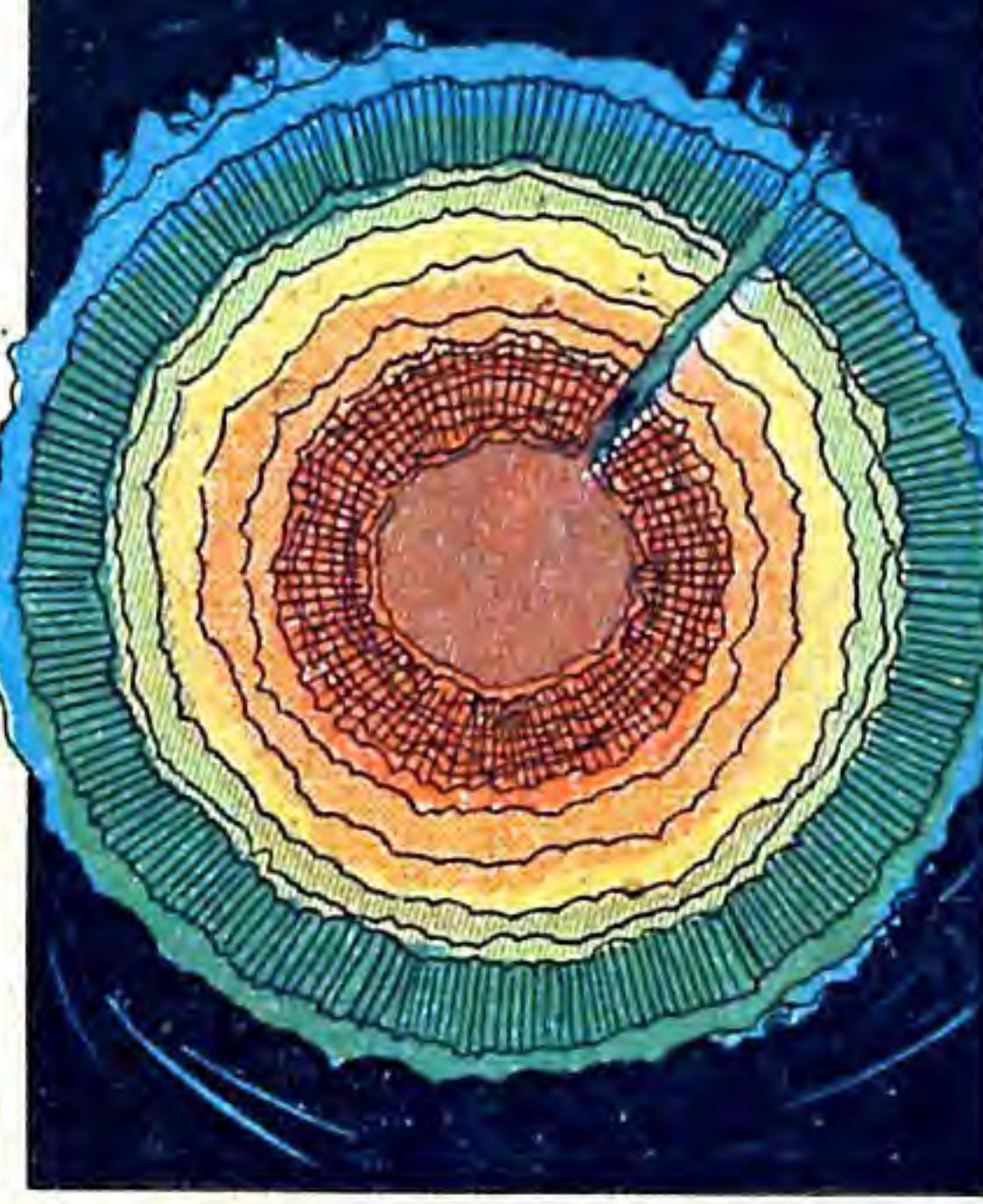
C'MON, WE CAN
LOAD A POWER
DRILL ON MY
ROCKET SHIP
AND LEAVE
IMMEDIATELY
FOR THE SUB-
EARTH!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A ROCKET SHIP BEGINS TO BORE ITS WAY INTO THE EARTH.



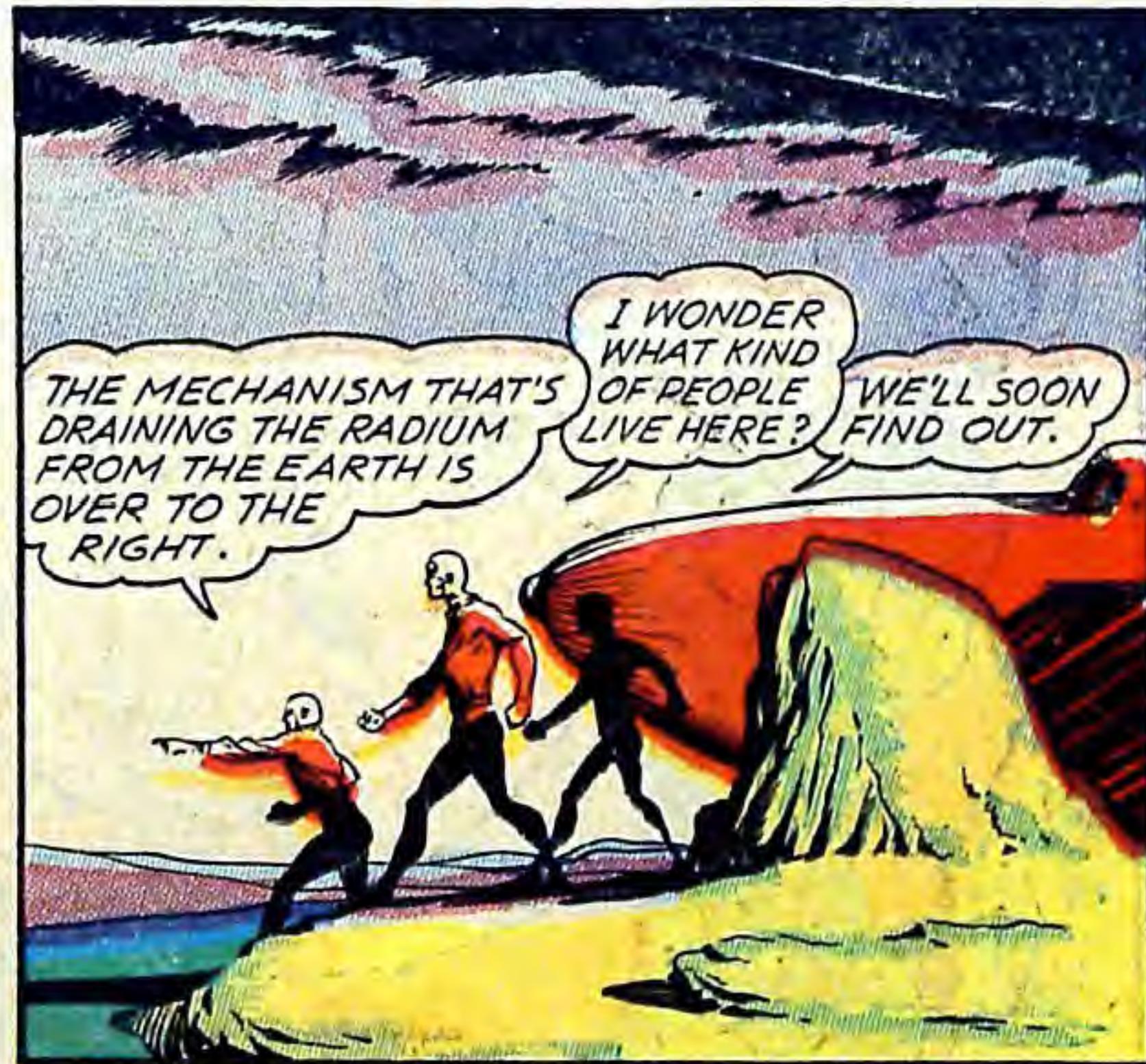
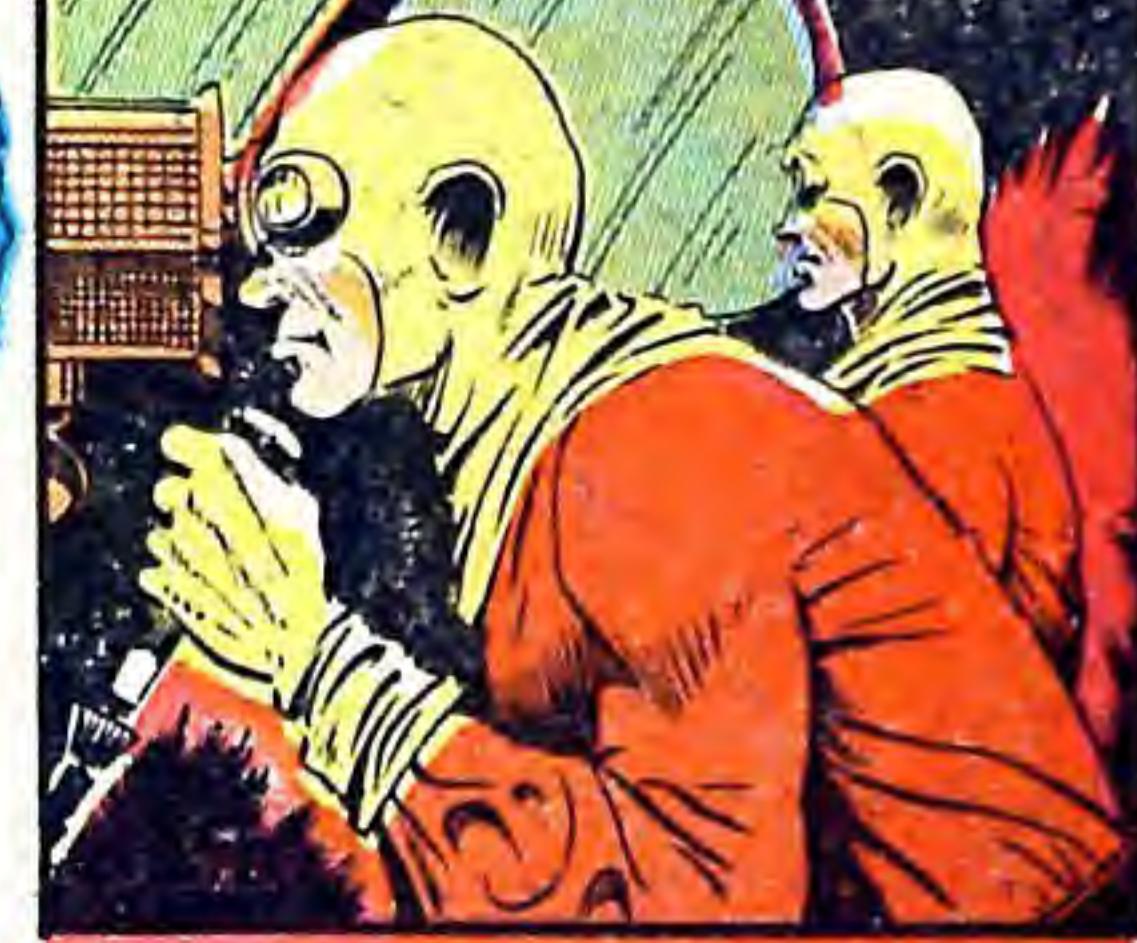
TIME FLYS BY AS THE ROCKETSHIP DRIVES FOR THE SUB-EARTH KINGDOM.

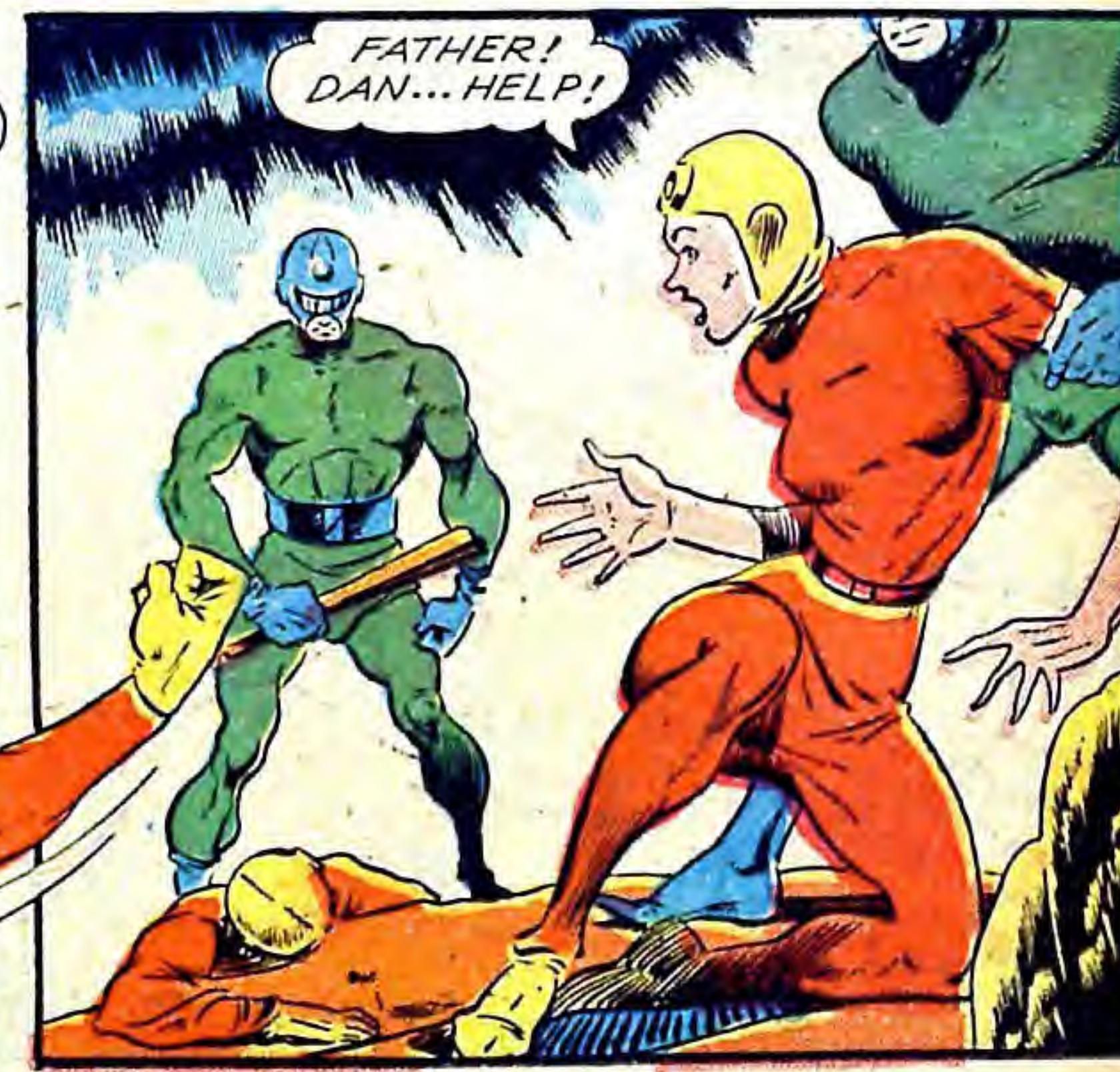


ON THE INSIDE...

DAN, WELL SOON BE IN THE SUB-EARTH KINGDOM. STEER TO THE LEFT, I SEE AN ISOLATED FIELD.

GOOD, LET'S KEEP OURSELVES CONCEALED AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.





THE PRISONERS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE SUB EARTH RULER.

HA, SO YOU PEOPLE CAME TO MY KINGDOM TO TAKE BACK THE RADiUM WE HAVE STOLEN FROM THE EARTH.

YES! BUT MY PEOPLE DO NOT SEEK WAR WITH YOU.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL DIE YEARLY IF OUR COUNTRY HAS NO RADiUM. YOU MUST RETURN IT.

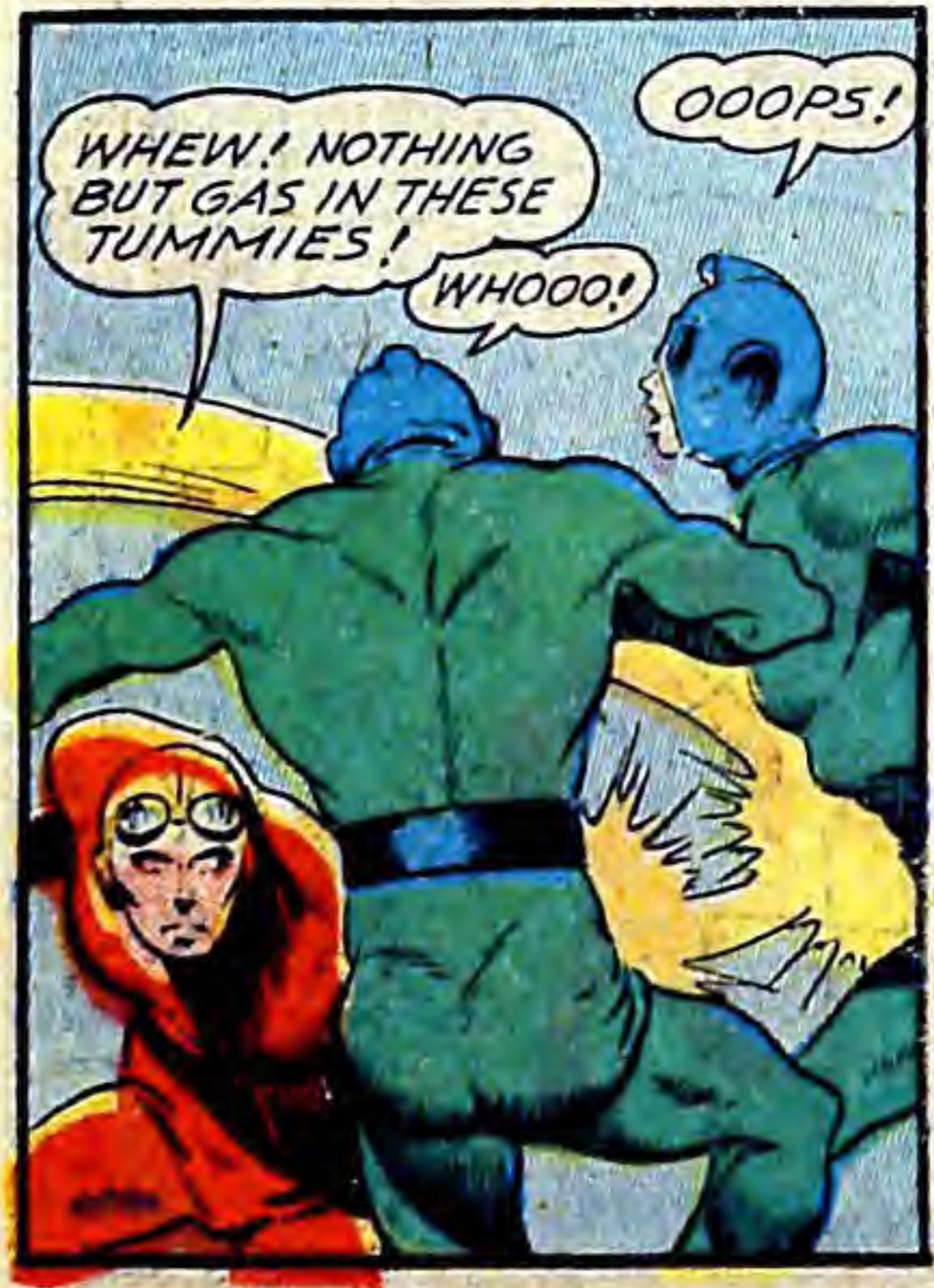
I'LL RETURN IT, BUT IN MY OWN WAY! THROUGH OUR NEW RADiUM DEATH DISCHARGING GUN.

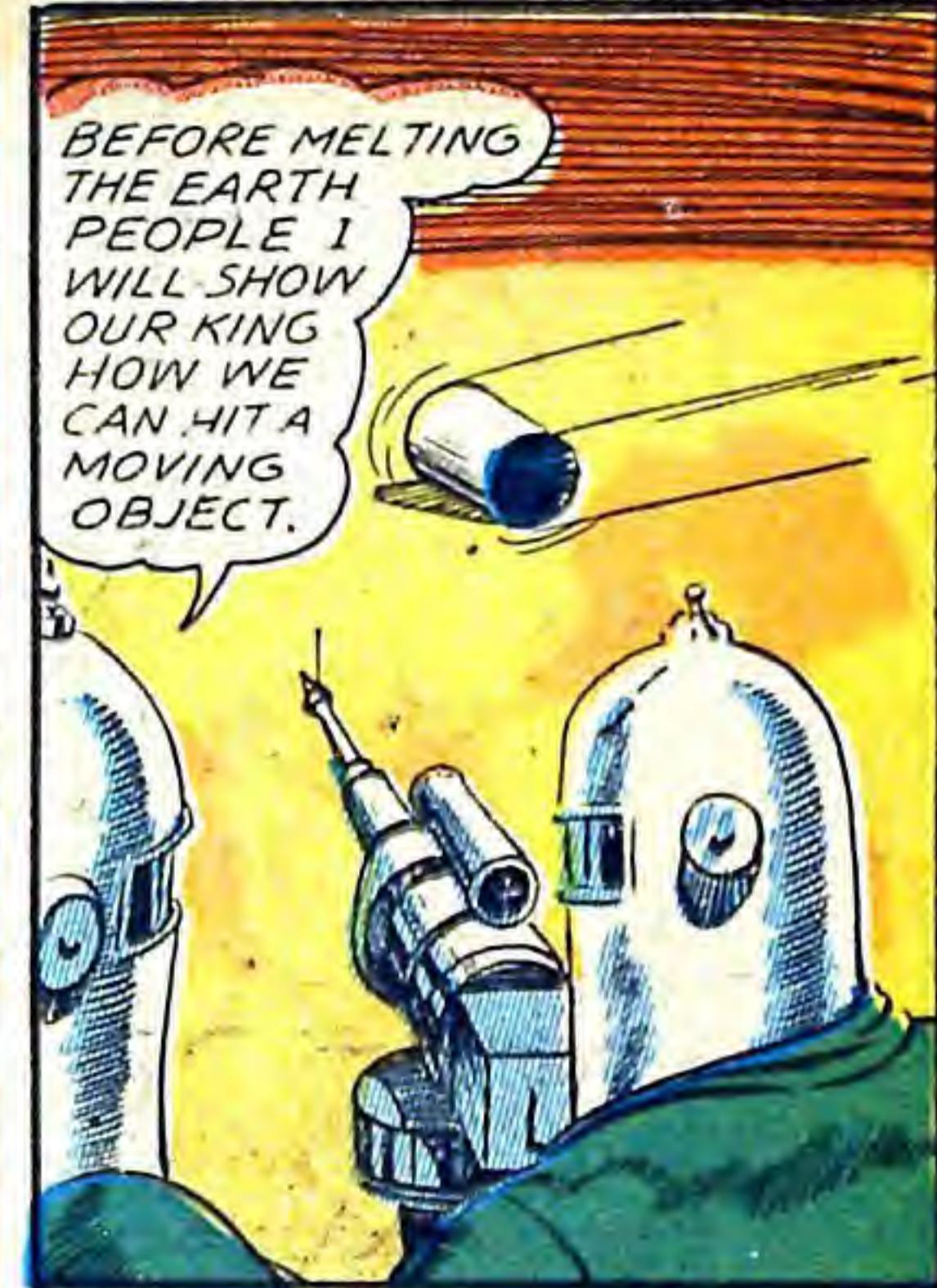
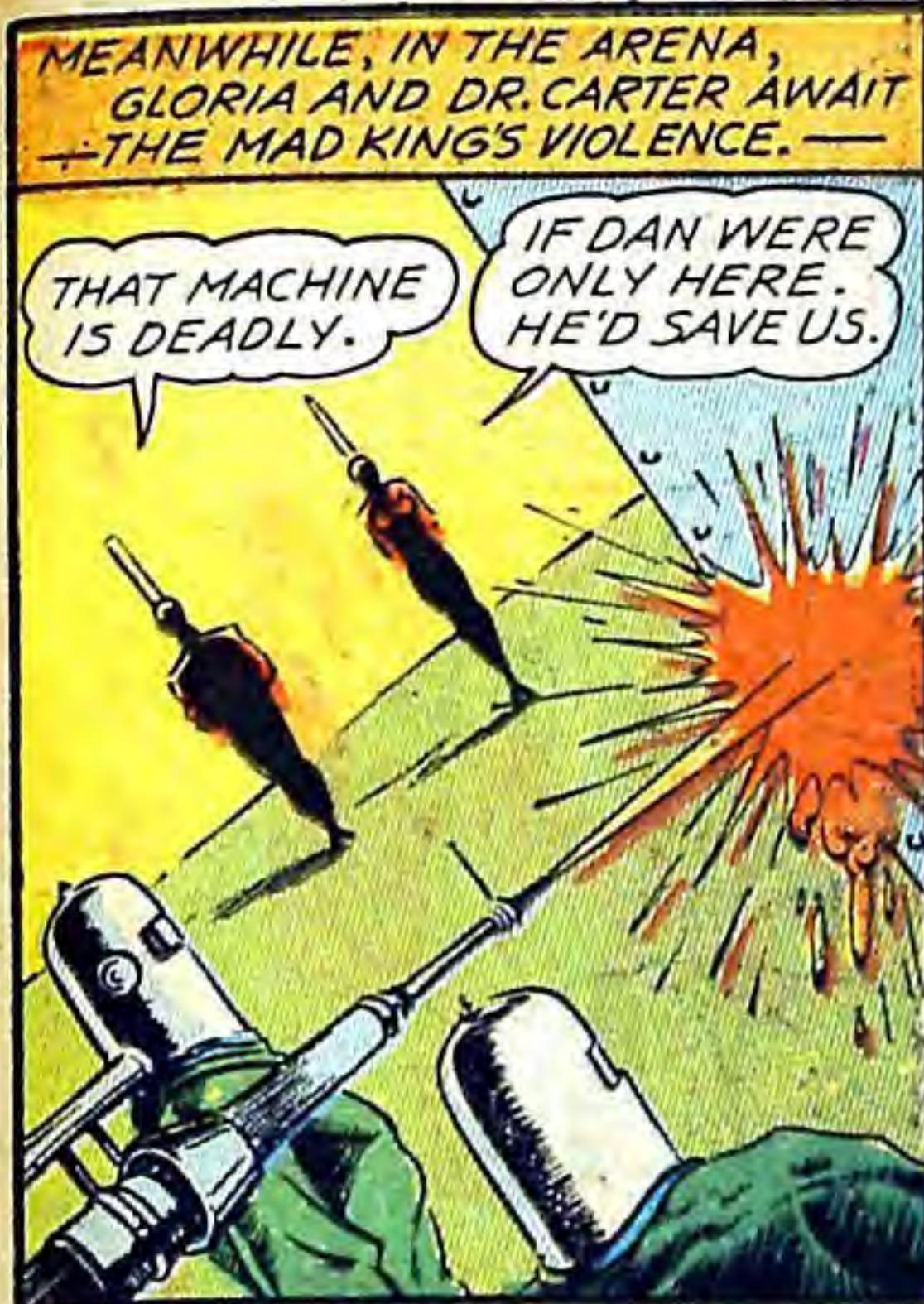
THROW THE STRONG ONE INTO THE DEATH PIT. THE OTHER TWO WE'LL EXPERIMENT OUR RADiUM GUN ON IN THE ARENA.

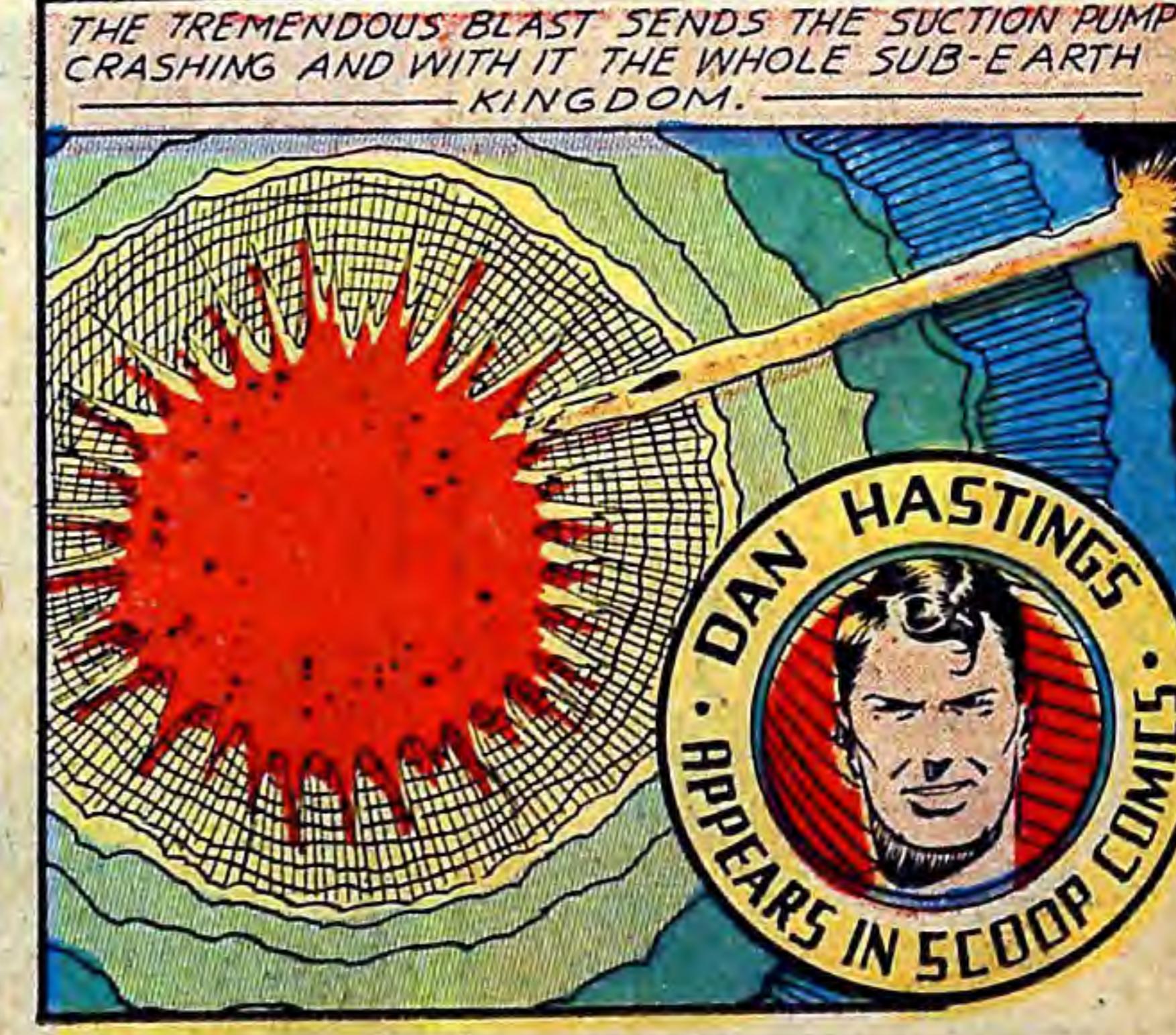
WE WILL UNTIE YOUR HANDS BEFORE WE THROW YOU INTO THE DEATH PIT. YOU'RE TO HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THE MONSTER WHO LIVES IN IT.

HA! THE MONSTER BELOW WILL NOW HAVE A GOOD MEAL.









The AGE of ANIMALS

Interesting facts about

The RAVEN
NATURAL LENGTH OF LIFE
ABOUT 100 YEARS

SQUIRRELS
SELDOM LIVE LONGER
THAN 6 YEARS

**The
PIGEON'S**
NATURAL LIFE IS
ABOUT 20 YEARS

TURTLES
LIVE TO THE RIPE OLD
AGE OF 350 YEARS

SWANS, THE GRACEFUL
WATER BIRDS, WILL SWIM AND DIVE
FOR 150 YEARS

RABBITS
MANAGE TO REACH
10 YEARS

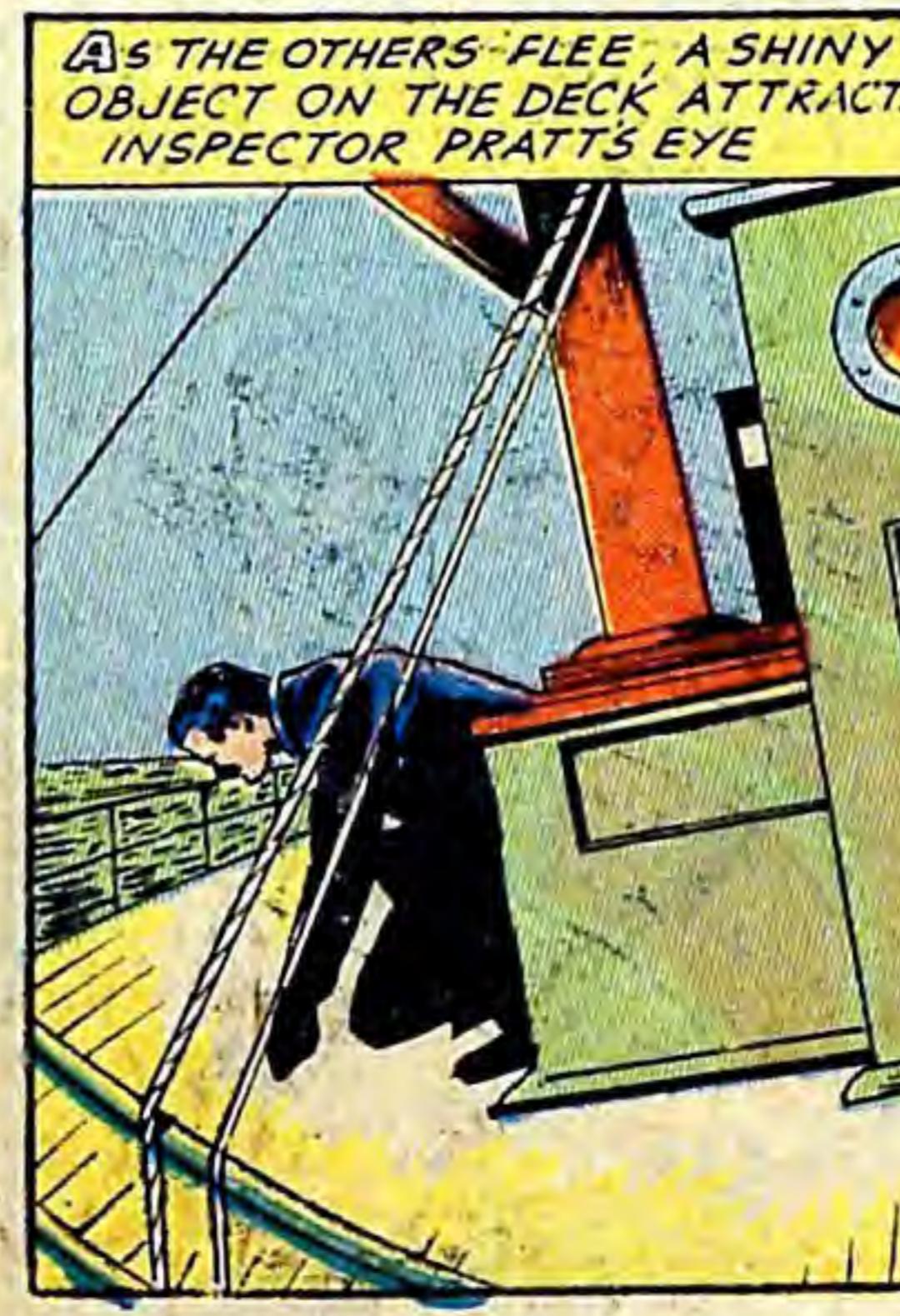
The TOAD
OUR OLD FRIEND, THE
HOP-TOAD, REACHES
THE AGE OF 40 YEARS

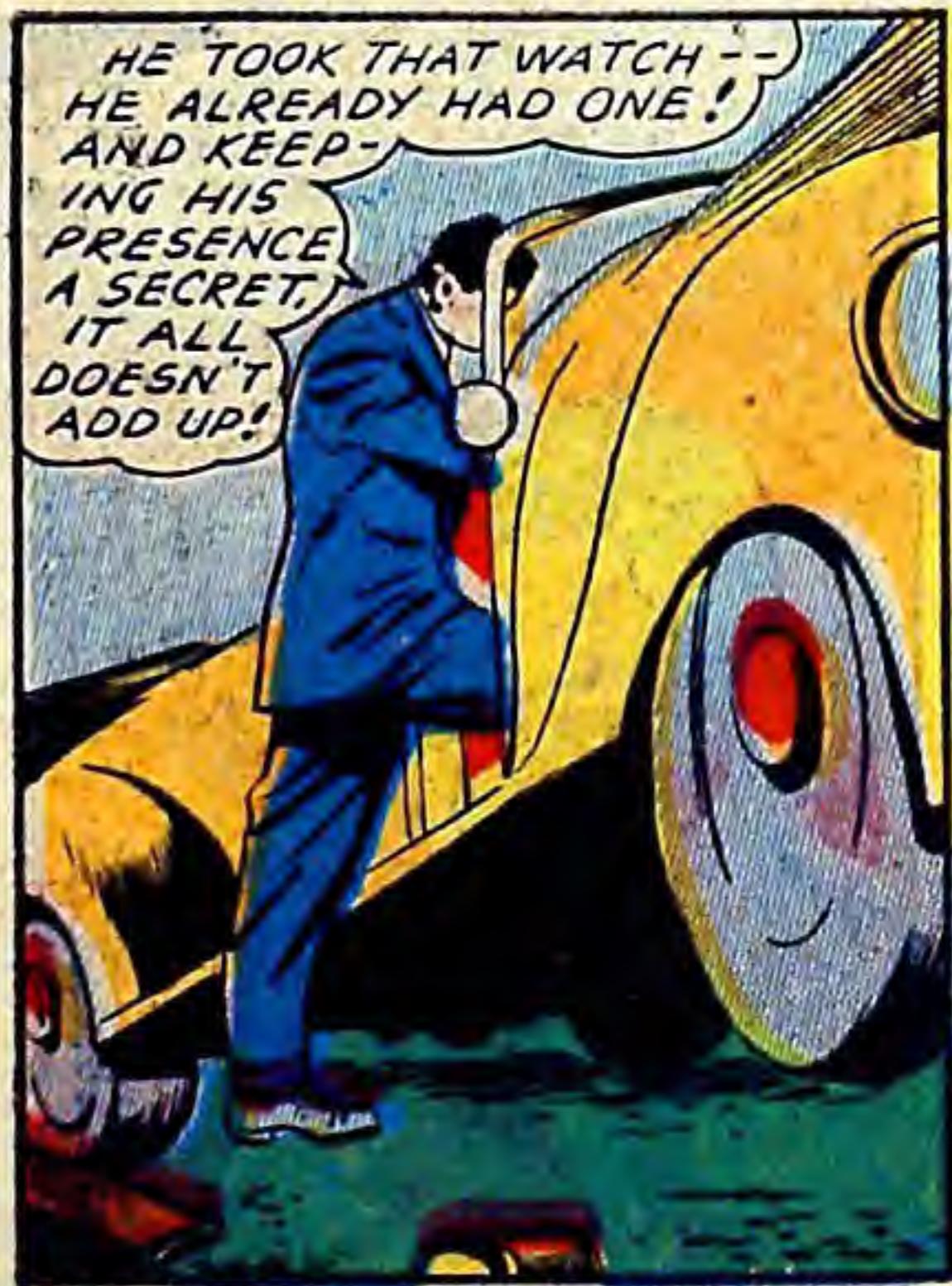
IMA CITIZEN
U. S. A.

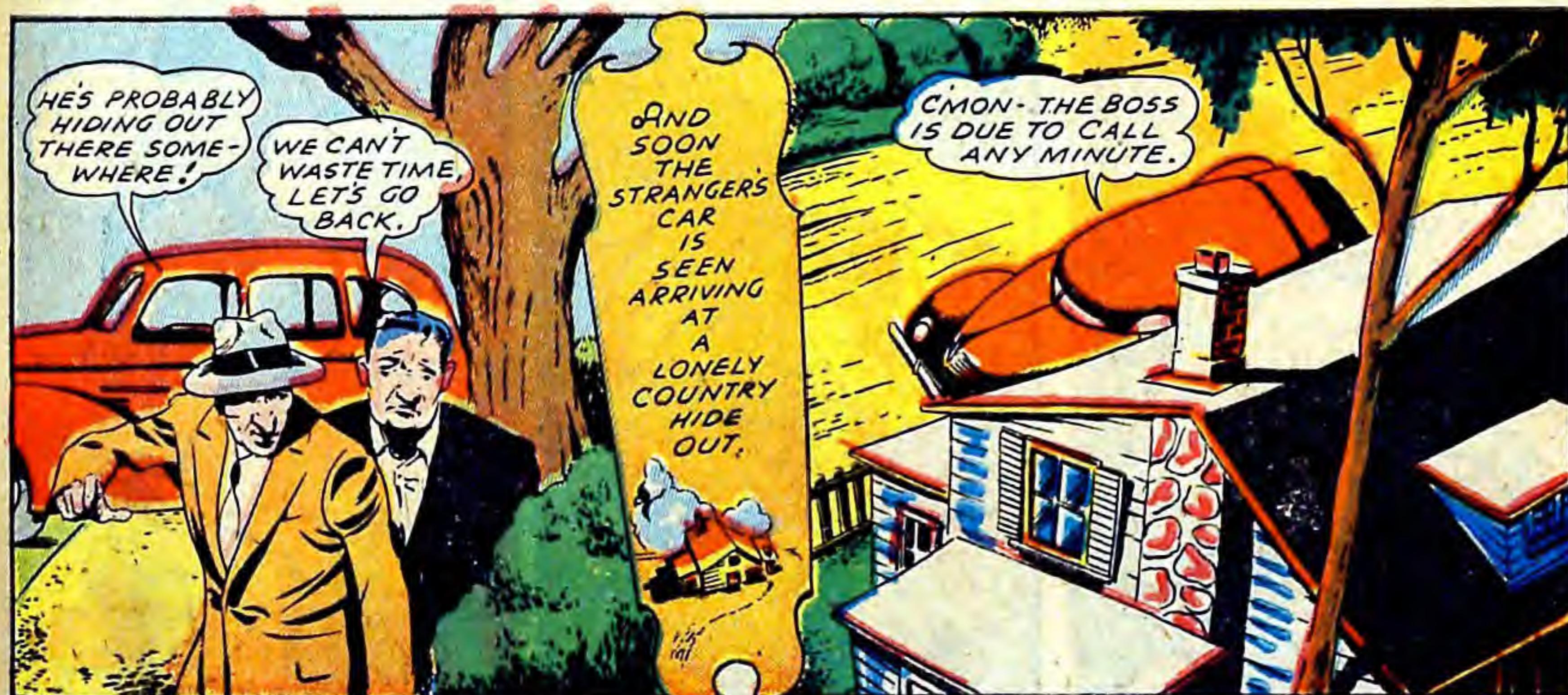
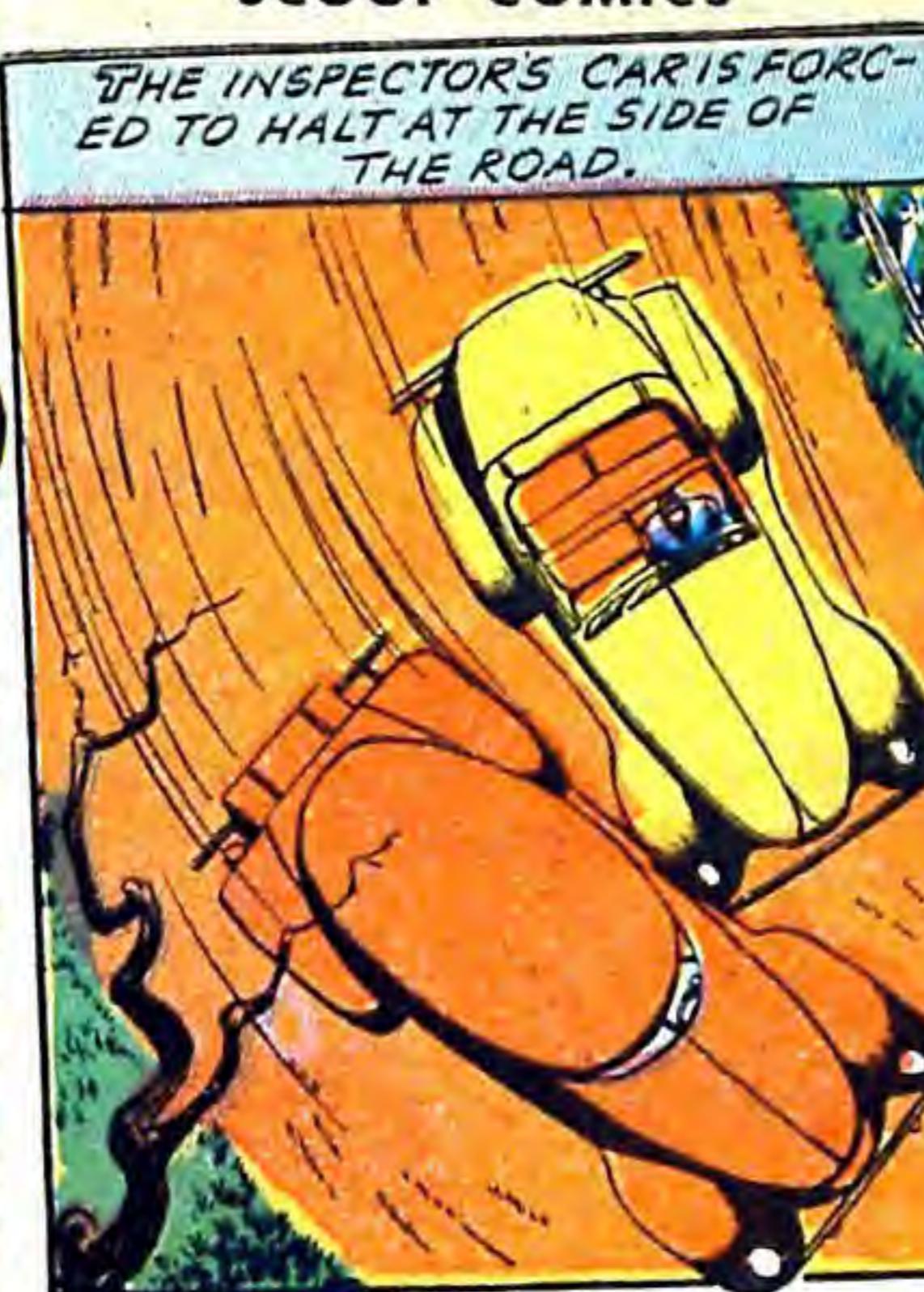
Inspector Pratt. Department of Justice, Washington, D.C.

OPERATING FROM THE MYSTERIOUS LEADS SENT HIM BY A STRANGE LETTER WRITER KNOWN AS IMA CITIZEN... INSPECTOR PRATT, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR THE F.B.I., RUNS INTO A CASE THAT BAFFLES EVEN HIM...



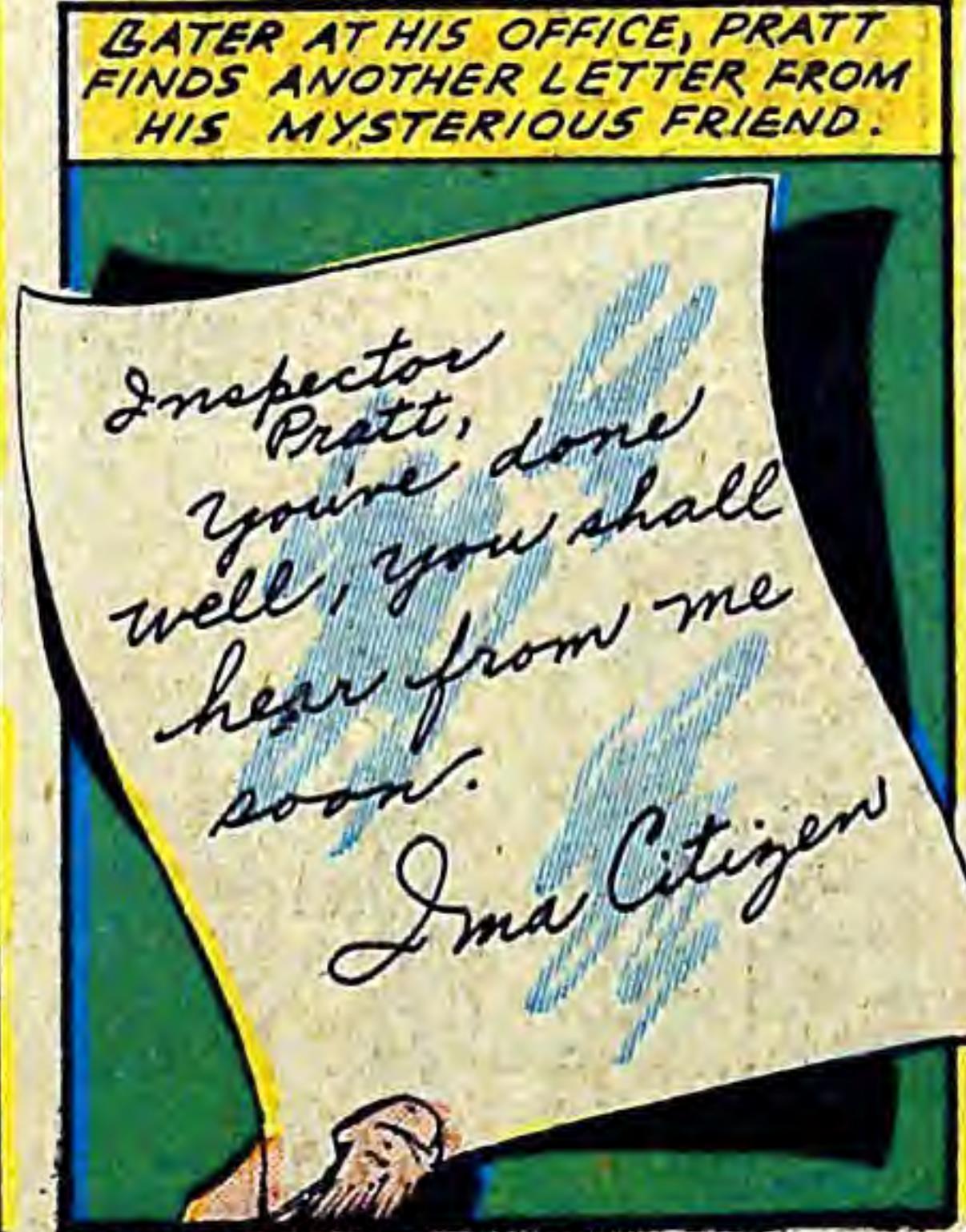














"Do we have to watch the knife throwing act?" Gale asked, as she gripped the hand of her escort, Ray Cardell, better known as the Master Key. "I'm always afraid that they'll miss."

Ray settled back in his chair. "Don't worry, Gale," he said, "Luigi is the most famous in the business. Besides he's going to marry the girl he throws the knives at, so you can bet he will be careful."

They sat back in their seats as Nick Banton, the manager of the night club, stepped into the spotlight and raised his hand, "I take great pleasure in introducing Luigi, the greatest knife thrower of this day!"

Luigi stepped out, smiled, bowed and then bowed toward his partner. He nodded and the girl skipped across the room. She spread her arms and smiled towards her partner.

Luigi took his station and fingered the long line of knives on the table before him. With a sudden lunge, he flipped his wrist and one of the knives thudded in the board, a fraction of an inch from the girl's outstretched arm.

"Ahhh;" Gale sighed, as she clutched Ray's arm, "that was too close for comfort."

In split second rapidity, Luigi flipped knife after knife towards the

girl. One by one they buried themselves in the backboard.

Suddenly, a blood curdling scream filled the room and the girl fell to the floor, a gleaming knife buried in her chest.

Quick as a flash, Ray Cardell changed, from the cool placid figure, to the Master Key, cleverest of all crime fighters. Leaping from his seat, he raced up to the stage and knelt beside the fallen girl. Death stared from her rapidly glazing eyes.

The curtain dropped, closing out the startled audience. Banton, the manager, rushed from the wings and wailed, "Get a doctor! Call the police!"

Luigi was on his hands and knees, beside the fallen girl. Tears streamed from his eyes as he sobbed, "Mabel, speak to me. I didn't mean to do it. I don't know how it happened."

In a few minutes police arrived and took charge. A burly sergeant walked over and snapped a pair of handcuffs on Luigi's wrists. Banton broke into the scene. "It was murder," he shouted, "he did it on purpose. I heard him argue with her in their dressing room this afternoon. He threatened to kill her."

The bent form of Luigi shook as he sobbed, "It was only a petty quarrel. I wouldn't hurt her for the world. Why, tomorrow we were to be married."

The Master Key watched the

drama before him. He sensed the sincerity of Luigi's words. Carefully he focused his radio active eye on the group. Immediately, the ray revealed gleaming steel concealed under cloth. He stepped forward and with a grip of iron seized Banton's arm,

"Sergeant," he said curtly, "this is the man you want. Open his shirt and you'll find a knife."

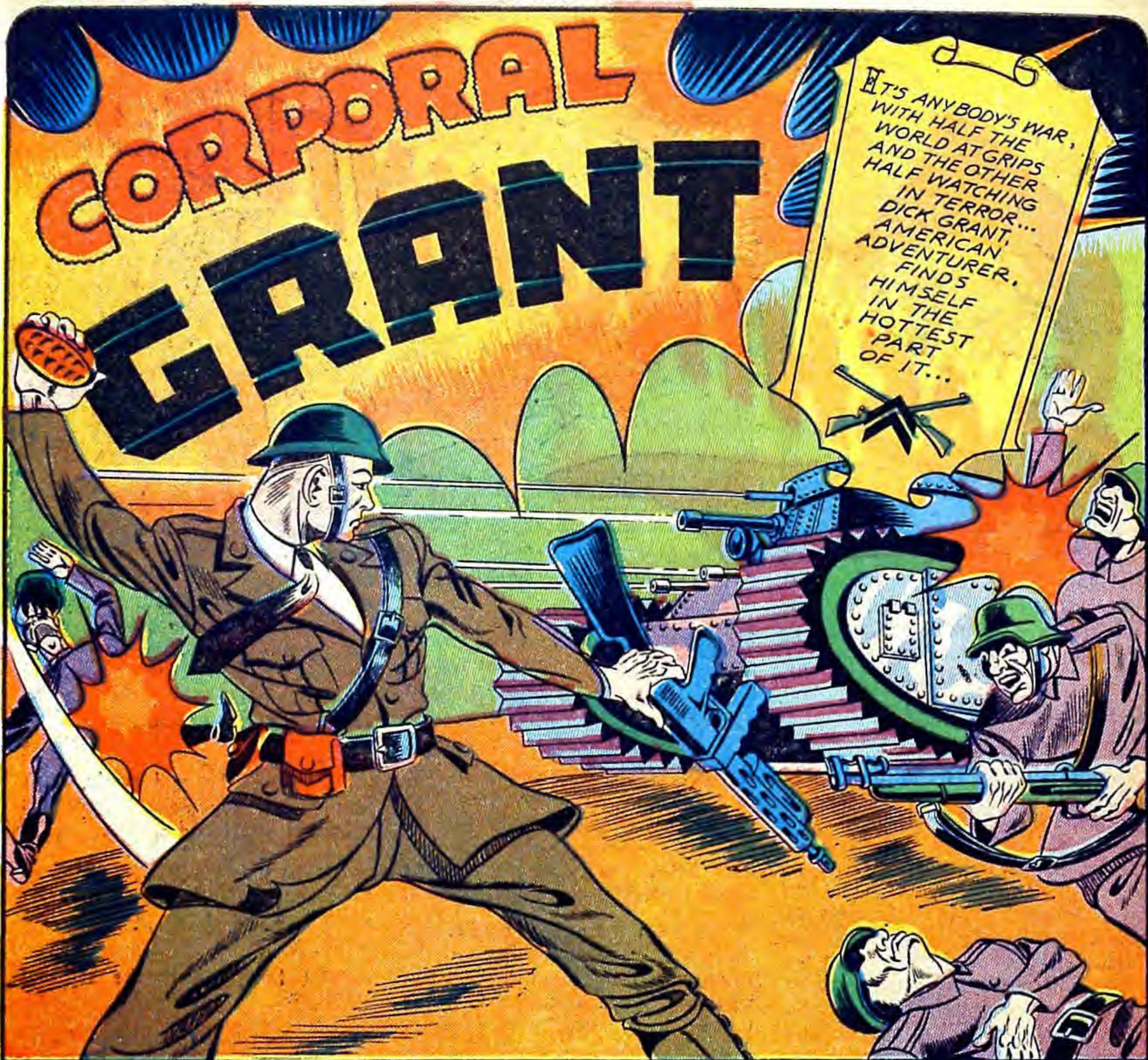
Banton tried to pull away but in so doing his shirt ripped open revealing a knife strapped to his waist.

"But how, why?" the sergeant asked.

"Simple," Ray responded. "Banton knew Mabel was going to marry Luigi. He tried to stop her and she refused. In a fit of jealousy, Banton bought a knife like those used by Luigi. He hurled it from the wings and in the excitement picked up one of Luigi's knives and hid it in his shirt. Luigi started with twenty knives and a count now will show twenty. The one in Banton's shirt is the odd one."

When the police removed Banton, the sergeant turned to Ray and said, "You kept an innocent man from going to jail. But how did you know of the knife concealed by Banton?"

Ray said nothing as he turned to find Gale. The answer to that question was what made Ray Cardell, the Master Key to all crime—his radio active eye.



THE LAST REFUGEE BOAT TO LEAVE ENGLAND FOR AMERICA... DICK GRANT GIVES UP HIS PASSAGE SO THAT AN ELDERLY LADY CAN RETURN TO HER FAMILY.

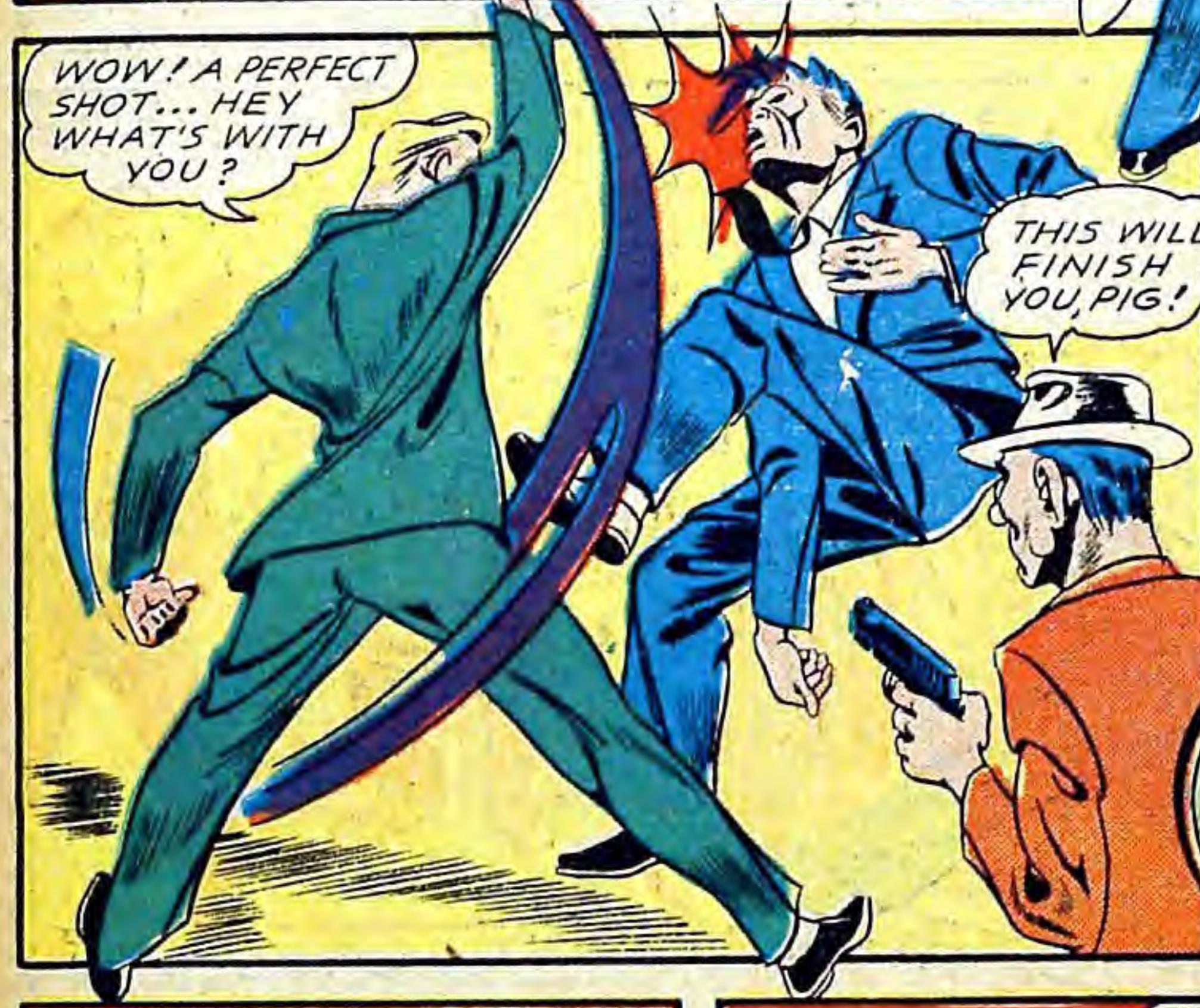
SORRY MA'M... YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A TICKET OR YOU CAN'T LEAVE ON THIS BOAT.

HERE MA'M... COMPLIMENTS OF DICK GRANT... WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF I DON'T GET BACK.



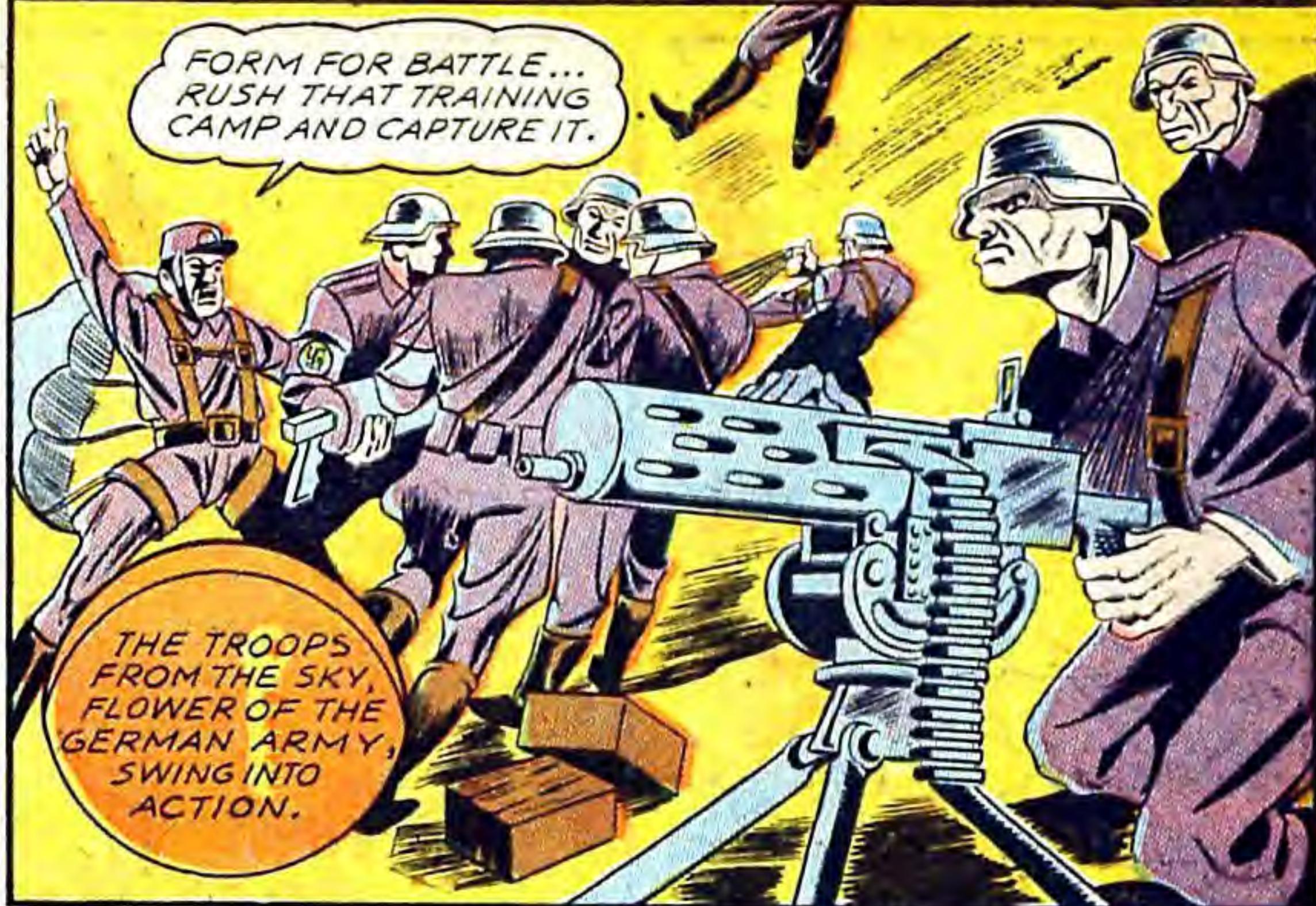
IF THEY'RE SPIES... I'LL LEARN THEIR HIDE-OUT AND ROUND THEM UP. MAYBE I'LL GET A SOFT JOB IN THE KING'S ARMY.

HARRY "A" CHESLER FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.





AS THE BRITISHERS MUSTER THEIR DEFENSE, THE HUGE GERMAN TRANSPORTS UNLOAD THEIR PARACHUTE BATTALION.



HERE THEY COME..DEPLOY AS SKIRMISHES! SHUCKS..IF I ONLY HAD A UNIFORM...I FEEL OUT OF PLACE DRESSED LIKE THIS.

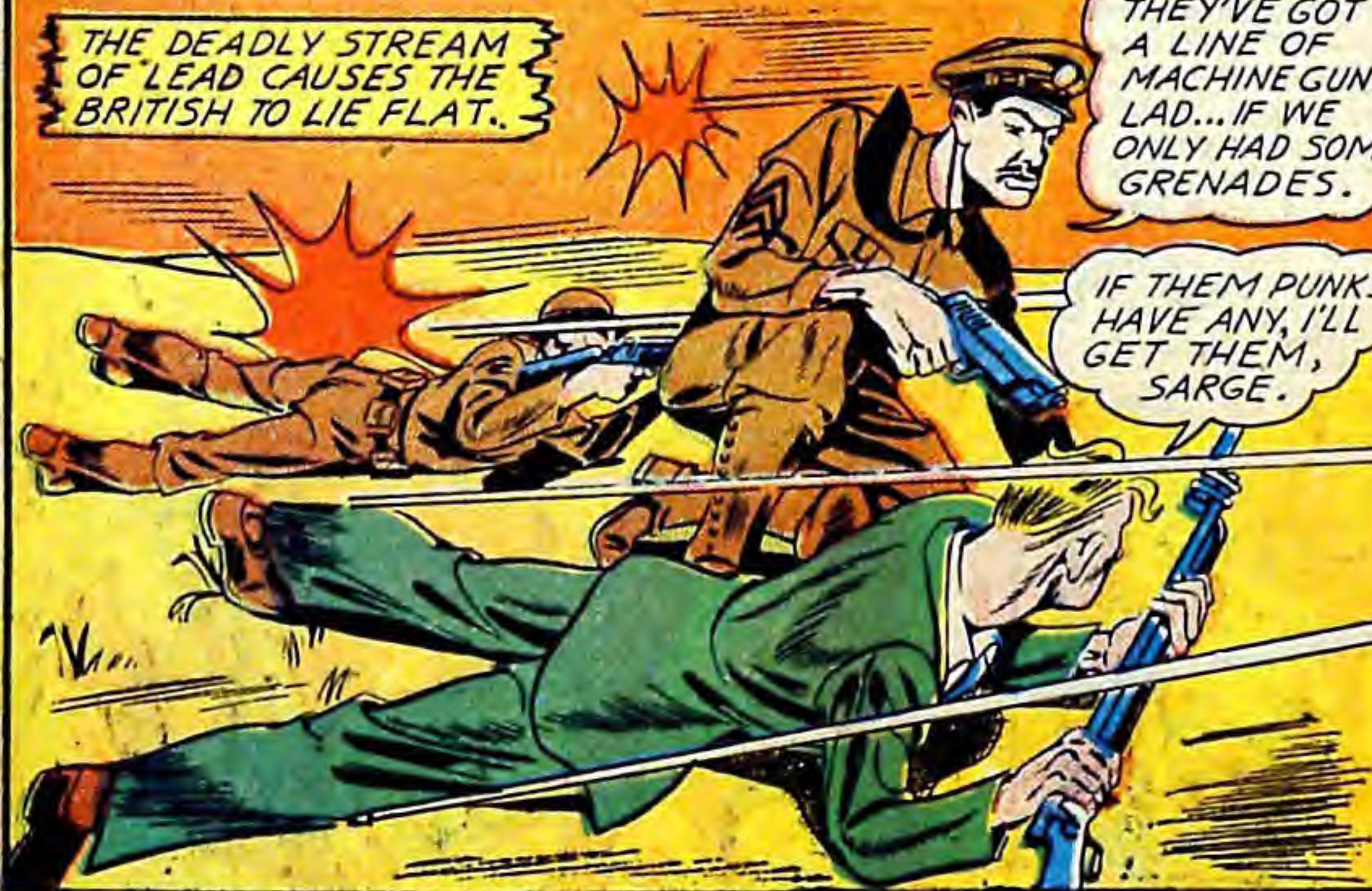


THE BRITISH PREPARE TO MEET THE INVADERS!

CUT THEM DOWN SO THE REST OF THE FORCE CAN LAND.



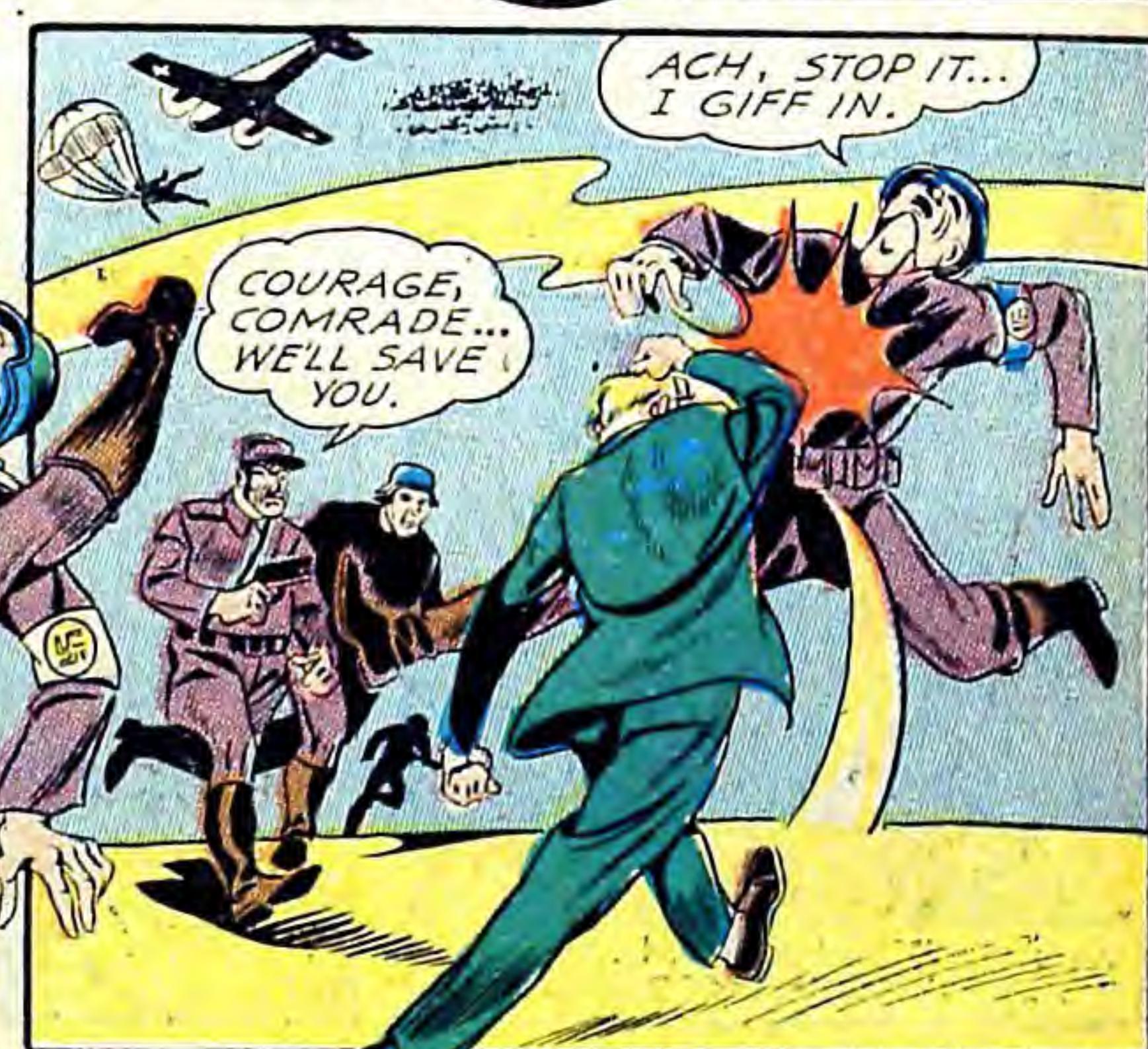
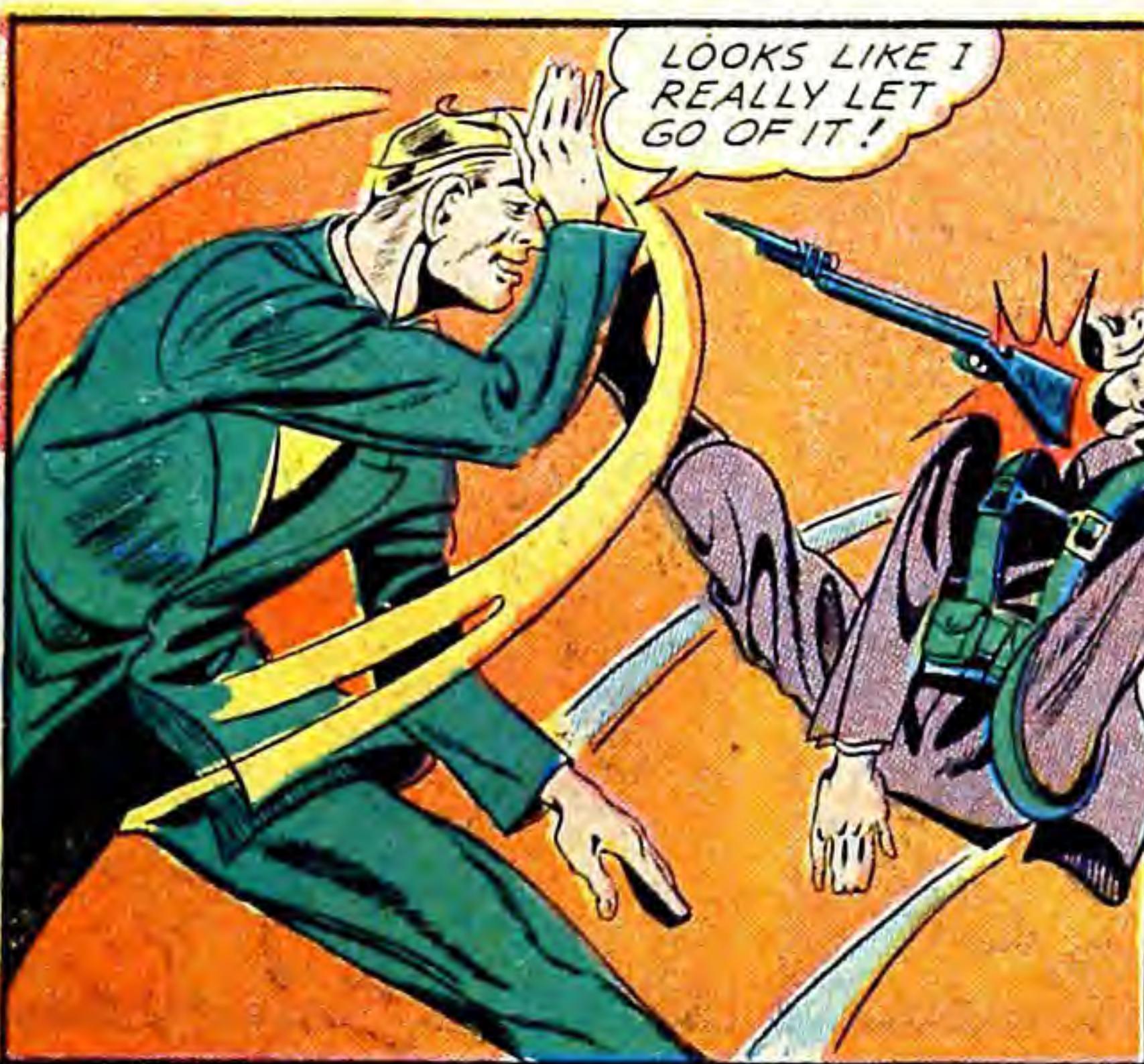
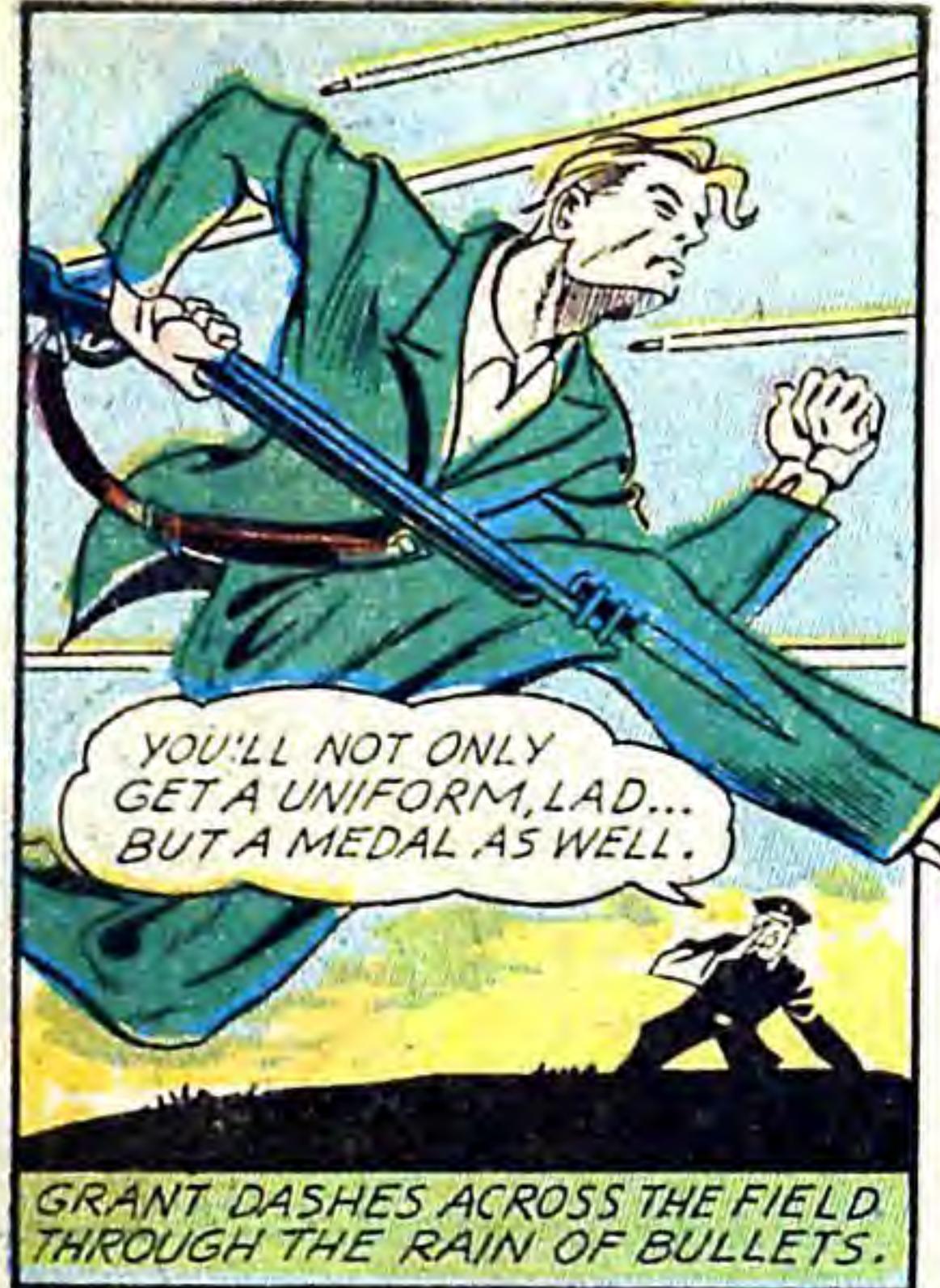
THE DEADLY STREAM OF LEAD CAUSES THE BRITISH TO LIE FLAT.



THEY'VE GOT A LINE OF MACHINE GUNS, LAD... IF WE ONLY HAD SOME GRENADES.

TAIN'T MUCH CHANCE, GRANT... OH, NO THEY WON'T! WHEN THEY'D GET YOU EASY ENOUGH! I GET BACK WITH THE GRENADES, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ME A UNIFORM OR I QUIT THIS JOB.







YE SURE DID IT, LAD... AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE PRESSED INTO HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE IN FULL UNIFORM. WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET... THE REST OF THEM KRAUTS'LL BE HEADING THIS WAY ANY MINUTE.



GET READY, MEN... WE'LL RUSH THEM.



A VOLLEY OF MACHINE GUN FIRE AND A HAIL OF BOMBS GREET THE NAZIS AS THEY BEGIN THEIR CHARGE.



THEY'RE YOUR PRISONERS, SARGE AND YOU CAN KEEP THE SKUNKS.



THE FIERCE COUNTER ATTACK PROVES TO MUCH FOR THE INVADERS, WHO THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS AND SURRENDER.

Absolutely FREE!

Special to the readers of **THIS MAGAZINE**

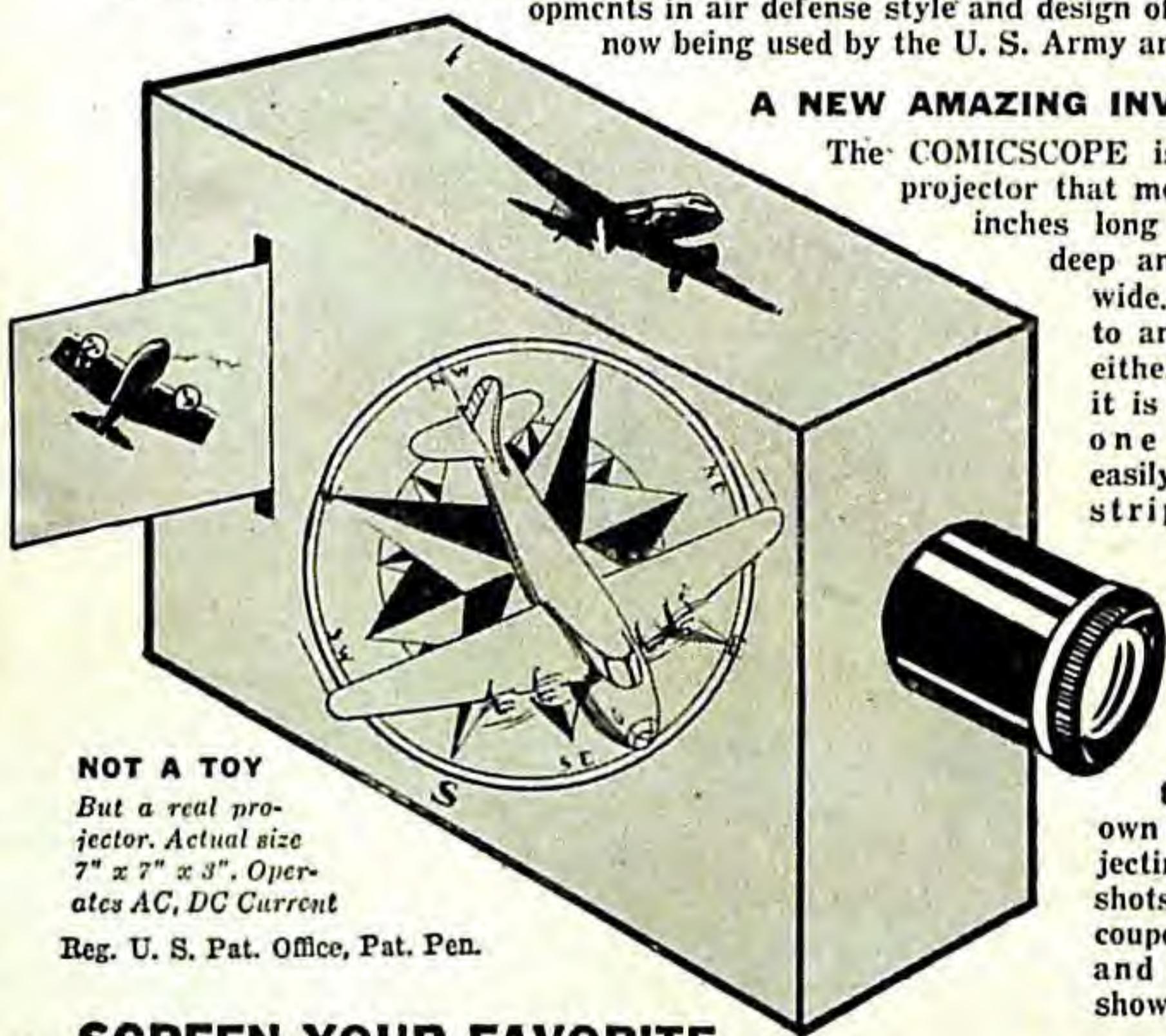
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